World Review

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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Until then . . . "Take six eggs, a lemon, three ounces of melted butter . . ." But save your sighs. It is not good-bye to all that. Just a waiting while your appetite for the good things of life becomes keener for your abstinence. A waiting and a wondering on the delights of a new Ford Car . . . while we all put our shoulders to the wheel which is even now, slowly maybe, but surely rolling down the road to victory. Until then, Ford Dealers' Service Facilities are making motoring pleasanter for those who need their car for essential duties, and keeping Britain's transport efficient for the national task.

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Thinking Aloud . . .

By EDWARD HULTON

ATTACK!

NOT only our fortunes but our spirits are at a low ebb. Since I wrote last Singapore has fallen and all its men, and Java too, with another ninety-eight thousand, to say nothing of a closely-packed people of forty millions.

Today more than ever propaganda is the essential. You may be weary of the word, but that is beside the point. We have got to have here and now, and at once, the right spirit put into us, and it has got to be the spirit of *attack!* The Government is today presented with the last chance to wake our people up, to wake them up to realities. The people are beginning to emulate the inhabitants, white men and coloured, of Singapore. Disasters befall, but they do not seem to sting to action. Rather they seem to produce an increased weariness and lassitude.

THE AIM

THE Government must at last tell the world, and tell our own people, what we are fighting for. The Prime Minister's ban on all discussion by the Ministry of Information and the B.B.C. on reconstruction and the new life for the people which is possible if we win the war has had the most disastrous consequences. There was even an attempt to stop all education of any sort in the Army. Even Margesson, a man not highly gifted with imagination, wouldn't stand for that one! Though discussions on politics, and even religion, are still prohibited in some units.

Secondly, we must wake our people up to the danger and make them eager to put forth their best efforts. The lack of a general war planning, which has recently become obvious to the rank and file, has lately been having some very serious effects on production figures. Workers who have taken pride in the making of giant bombers, beautiful to the eye of the engineer and the technician, have lost heart at being told with truth that our bombing policy is out of date. The absurdity of the innumerable 'straddlings' of the *Gneisenau* and the *Scharnhorst* drove this bitter lesson home.

NO EXCUSE

THE phrase 'It all depends on me' can be a trifle irritating, and it is not, of course, the whole truth. It must be admitted, however, that lately there has grown up amongst many workers rather a foolish feeling that, because some owners and capitalists are thinking too much of profits and the post-war scene, *they* are no longer called upon to make any substantial effort. This is the French spirit at its very worst. Whatever the sins of the rich may, or may not be, the workers must 'get cracking'. After all it is the ordinary people who chiefly count. They principally must save Britain and civilisation for themselves and their children. The fact that a minority of capitalists are not well disposed, and that some over-fed ladies are still reposing their extensive posteriors at Torquay is no excuse at all for slackness. This does not mean that evilly disposed people must not be swiftly dealt with. The very reverse. But the faults of these people do not provide a

universal excuse for doing anything less than one's very best.

BRACKEN MUST GO !

I AM afraid that we cannot hope for any improvement in propaganda until we have got a new chief at the M.O.I. Bracken will not do! Delightful and witty companion, *beau sabreur*, if not veritable *condottiere*, he does not possess much insight into the real meaning of propaganda, of leading a mighty and gallant nation to the attack.

IS THE PRESS TO REMAIN FREE ?

I TRUST that I shall not be accused of special pleading if I mention again the continued ban on *Picture Post* in the Middle East. Certainly the matter has no financial interest for Hulton Press. In spite of what Mr. Bracken has said, no penny of subsidy has ever been paid to 'wealthy newspaper owners'—to Hulton Press, or to any other newspaper proprietor. It was paid to the wholesalers, so that the various periodicals could be bought at a reasonably low price by our soldiers out there. The suppression of *Picture Post* is surely a matter of principle, the thin end of the wedge. And if suppression is to be applied to a free Press, why can it not be done openly and above board, and with all reasons clearly stated? The unfortunate M.O.I. has been ineffective and something of a laughing stock since the September days of 1939; but it had, in contrast to Dr. Goebbels' department, built up a considerable reputation for accuracy. This reputation it has now certainly lost. The contemptible assurances that all was well put out by the large-scale M.O.I. administration in Malaya did not help matters at all. The censorship in Palestine is not helping either.

REAL SACRIFICE

WE have got new men now in the Government and this has helped our spirits somewhat. Stafford Cripps possesses a wonderful brain, practical as well as legal and scientific. More, he is absolutely honest, absolutely willing to make any personal sacrifice, and absolutely determined to win. Able to make £30,000 a year at the Bar, he is content to live on his £600 a year as a Member of Parliament. The number of times he has thrown away chances of making money are legion. I recall one instance

MODERN WEAPONS THROUGH THE EYES OF THE GOVERNMENT

The Bayeux Tapestry woven in the time o William the Conqueror, still extant at Bayeux in Normandy, with a copy in the Victoria and Albert Museum

when he cancelled his appointment with the Directors of one of the big banks, who were going to give him six thousand guineas for the interview, to attend to what counsel call a 'running down case'. The case was uninteresting, commonplace and trivial, except that the person who had been run down by a vehicle was a child, in the justice of whose claim Stafford Cripps was unable to suppress his interest. Our best wishes accompany him to India.

RETORT CIVILIAN

P. J. GRIGG of the War Office is also a worthy servant of the country. After he had been 'Chancellor of the Exchequer' of India he could have gone into the City and got a fat salary. He preferred to remain in the Civil Service. Some newspapers have asked how comes it that he was not able to infuse more life and kick into the 'War House?' He certainly did his level best; and we must picture him to ourselves as a solitary civilian pitted against umpteen brass hats. On one occasion, at a meeting of the Army Council, he raised his voice in no uncertain manner. A general, who shall remain nameless for the nonce, replied: 'This is a matter, Sir James, which lies wholly in the province of soldiers.' P. J. answered: 'I think, like Clemenceau, that war is too serious a thing to be left to generals'.

We are frequently told that statesmen are assisted in life by their wives—they are sometimes. But it is really true to say that Lady Cripps and Lady Grigg are genuinely able helpers. These four in fact seem to be the foundation of a new kind of devotion and uprightness in our public affairs. Their example will fire many.

ARE THERE ANY NEW MEN?

GRADUALLY new men and younger men are getting a chance. It is a complete fabrication that there are no new men in the country capable of running affairs. This was a falsehood initiated by Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald and Neville Chamberlain. Unfortunately Mr. Churchill has also failed to shine as 'a talent scout', and he has been too loyal to faithful friends and political supporters of days gone by. There can only be one loyalty—loyalty to truth and victory. The fact is that the vigorous and eager men in the junior ranks of all our national activities have been unheeded and repressed for years. This has led to the maximum of frustration; and frustration in the end is bound to lead to slackness.

YOUTH WANTED

PERSONALLY I cannot summon up any regret at the departure of Mr. James Garvin from the *Observer*. He was an old man and it was his time to go. In any event his articles belonged to that bygone class which were of great literary merit but contained little knowledge of events, and not much real thought. One was tempted to cry out: 'Words, words, words'—like Mr. Churchill's speech about fighting the enemy 'in the fields, in the streets and on the beaches'. It was deeply moving at the time. But now we suspect that he had no idea in his mind *who* was to fight, and when, and where. Else why no explicit orders after all these months in connection with the arming and training of civilians in case of an invasion?

UNITE!

WE must give Stafford Cripps and his like all the encouragement we can, avoiding all the less constructive and silly forms of criticism. The Left must begin to realise that at length it has got people of its own complexion in office who can do things if they receive support. Some Leftists have unfortunately been in opposition so long that they can only go through the motions of denial, like a maiden loath, or one of Dr. Pavlov's canine assistants illustrating the 'conditioned reflex'. We want bold men now who can exclaim: 'Yes, Yes, do this at once!'

ATTACK NOW!

WE suggest changes in the prosecution of the war because we believe that with the new men we shall be listened to, without any further talk about millstones or panic. First and foremost there must be the spirit of attack, and it must communicate itself swiftly to our armed forces. Some of our soldiers, languishing in boredom in Britain, are openly describing themselves as 'Hitler's three million prisoners'. The only real way to give an Army spirit is to sound the Advance! This year of 1942, not 1943, or 1944, is the Russian year. It is the year during which they have told us pretty plainly that they are going to conquer or to die. I know that our arms, being made here and in America, have not yet reached their peak of production. But our contribution has got to be made today. The attack at Bruneval was in the right spirit.

Another section of the Bayeux tapestry, showing still more 'modern' weapons

With our Air Force, our Navy and our large Army we must do whatever we can now; and experts will confirm that there is much that can be done, much to draw the force of Hitler's new spring offensive from the Russian Armies. We must greatly dare, and leave Home Defence to a smaller force, plus the Home Guard, plus civilians, armed and instructed in every detail of their task.

We cannot go further without a Minister of Defence—or rather of Attack—separate from the overburdened Prime Minister; and we must possess a Ministry of Attack, to include a joint general staff, and all the committees required for the many jobs of co-ordination, plus a committee for Forward Military Planning, in case this or that happens—it very probably will!

WEHRMACHT

It has been said that the German forces are not really more united in their organisation than our own. The fact seems to be that nominally their position resembles ours, Army, Navy and Air Force being separate. But the spirit and the training are different. The various forces think as one, and actually wear a common badge. They are also trained together. This training naturally takes time. We have no time to lose to train pilots to act with our soldiers, and our soldiers to act with aircraft. Various specialised types of aircraft are also required for flying with an army. You want the dive bomber, or its equivalent, the tank-busting cannon plane and a special reconnaissance type.

MODERN TRAINING

Our soldiers must also be thoroughly trained in the conditions of really modern warfare. These conditions consist largely of appalling and hellish noise. In the last war our seasoned troops could stand up to artillery bombardment which was making casualties of fifty per cent. Dive bombing is said to inflict casualties of only three per cent. But a human organism cannot stand up to it without conditioning; and some of our soldiers haven't even been in an ordinary air-raid.

After all the articles about 'elastic' and 'island' defence, which is axiomatic to the stupidest Home Guard, it is heart-breaking to learn that the entire Malayan campaign was conducted on the last war system of lines of defence, and retiring to a further line of 'carefully prepared positions'.

ENGLISH SMALL ARMS

WHY are there not enough small arms in this country? Some small arms factories may have been blitzed, some consignments from America may be at the bottom of the sea. Nevertheless it was not difficult, even in early industrial periods, to make these arms. Indeed, every creature on the North-West Frontier calling himself a man has one. With their miserable 'industrial organisation', in other words, with a converted bicycle wheel, the Afridis manage to turn them out. In fact they produce very beautiful work. A cousin of mine happened to examine closely a rifle which had been in the armoury in England for ages. It looked a little strange. On very close inspection it proved to be made by these intrepid denizens of the hills. In this country it must obviously be a question of priorities. I think that there should be a high priority for small arms, for strong practical and for morale reasons. Our numerous small plants would be most useful for this purpose.

PUT DOWN THAT PIKE!

IT is horrible to realise that not only the Lord Croft but also Mr. Churchill thinks in terms of pikes! Can it be a species of historian's wishful thinking, or *nostalgie de la* pike?' 'Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won and our good Prince Eugene.' Though perhaps we had better not dwell too much on the gallant Prince Eugene, and the still extant cruiser called after him! Broadcasters to Latin America were actually given orders to announce the shameful escape of the three Nazi warships as a great British Naval victory. They refused.

Many people were so upset about the pike business that they thought that the best thing to do was to suppress all information that it really was Government policy, in order to prevent a rapid decline of morale. But Mr. Churchill has openly defended pikes in the Commons' House in the teeth of the incredulous laughter of honourable members. The best that can be done is to pray Mr. Churchill to clear his mind at once of all this pike nonsense.

I hope that the valuable services of Mr. Tom Wintringham will be retained in this country. America and Australia want him, but we need him here; and if he is allowed to sail away many a Home Guard will feel very disappointed. Believe it or not, the services of Brigadier Whitehead are still being retained, and he remains Commander of the London Home Guard. He is passionately opposed to Wintringham's theories. It is patent to the poorest intelligence that both their theories cannot be right. One theory or the other should have been boldly adopted many months ago.

PARTISAN GEFAHR!

WE can no longer afford to retain Mr. Herbert Morrison at the so-called Ministry of Home Defence. He is lion-like with unfortunate people accused under Section 18B, and lamb-like against the blitz. There seems no reason why persons arrested under Section 18B cannot be dealt with with as near an approximation to legal procedure as possible. At least the accused should be told who has informed against him—and why the months of delay? Our Civil Defences require instant reorganisation. Indeed, as Shinwell says, all our Home Defences had better be reviewed again. And are we to wear gas masks or not? Please give us definite orders at once. Every man, woman and child must have explicit instructions for action in case of invasion. Every man and woman should have a

rifle and grenades and full instructions about scorching earth. A dose of poison distributed to each person, to take in case of capture, would bring home realities. Why need we depart one iota from the procedure so successfully adopted by the civilian men and women of Russia? The new regulations about doing pioneering, digging and odd jobs in invaded areas at Union rates are not quite what we want. This is not the Russian, or the true British spirit. One paper headed a satirical comment, 'What, No Overtime?'

REAL TOTAL WAR

SHINWELL's plan for total war on the Home Front is a fine one and a bold one. He rightly puts questions of Nationalisation or State ownership into cold storage for after the war. What is wanted now is technical and financial pooling of industries under Government direction. We must also get much nearer to real equality of sacrifice. All food and clothing should be rationed, and the amount of *money* to be spent weekly on these things might also be rationed. Note that the new utility clothing scheme leaves out the richer third of the population. Why all the delay about dealing with the Black Market gangsters? Death is not really necessary. Ten, or even five years' penal servitude would soon have their effect, and eliminate all 'stooges'. Fines of three or four pounds will not.

The Ministry of Food's long failure to abolish the unsatisfying white loaf in deference to private commercial interests and crass popular prejudice is one of the many scandals of the war—also its failure to press on with British Restaurants and communal feeding.

COLONIAL EMPIRE

A USEFUL book entitled *Plan for Africa*, by Rita Hinden, throws light on our

No doubt our best equipped corps in the eyes of the Government. Yeomen of the Guard at St. James's Palace

Colonial Empire. Our Colonial Empire is not so much oppressive as out of date and neglected. The writer contrasts Northern Rhodesia, one of Africa's poorest territories, with the Gold Coast, one of its richest. However, in both Colonies there is a deplorable lack of a definite policy, and a strong tendency to allow commercial interests full play at the expense of the natives. In Northern Rhodesia the white settlers have proved themselves particularly narrow-minded and selfish. Some day, indeed, the attitude of the Union of South Africa to its native peoples will have to be thrashed out by the world. In all the British Colonies there is a hopeless lack of money for development and elementary public services. This money must be forthcoming on lease-lend principles, or, if

you prefer it, on the lines of our Colonial Development and Welfare Act of 1940, but on a vastly greater scale.

A work by W. E. Simnett, *The British Colonial Empire*, takes our minds on a journey over the whole of our Crown Colonies, a mental journey upon which we seldom embark. The book also contains a valuable contrast with the Colonial systems of other powers from which we can learn much. It seems only the other day that I was taught that foreigners didn't really have colonies, just as ladies didn't have legs! The Dutch certainly took the most passionate interest in their beloved Java. A Dutchman who had been out there some time would begin to think of himself as a citizen of the island, willing and ready to work for its interests, rather than always working for those of old Holland.

KNOWLEDGE AT LAST

ALLAN NEVINS has just published a new *Brief History of the United States*. It is an excellent handbook for the mature, though it would be too advanced for boys and girls. It is fantastic that there exists no satisfactory history of America for British schools; though I am informed that this flagrant omission is now being repaired.

TRUE UNDERSTANDING OF RUSSIA

IT is earnestly to be hoped that the Foreign Office will at an early date come forward with a strong and comprehensive policy. At present it is still fighting exceeding shy of any ideas which could possibly be termed novel. Our closer co-operation with U.S.A.—and the question of export markets must be settled without delay to avoid disastrous consequences after the war—must not blind us to the necessity to 'settle' Europe, which happens to be the main plague spot of the world—and the place where the bombs come from! Britain must take the lead in this post-war settlement, in association with America. The problem is the integration of Germany into the larger sphere of Europe, and the setting up of an international organisation for external affairs, defence and economic matters, with Britain supplying strong leadership. So far from this being incompatible with Russian aims, Russian officials here make it quite clear that they wish Britain to assume the leadership in Western Europe. Russian and British-American requirements are indeed complementary. Russia will require plant from America and Britain on lease-lend principles after the war. Russia will be greatly devastated. On the other hand America and Britain will be threatened with over-production. Russia will want to settle down to the development of her vast area at a more comfortable pace than that allowed by the frenzied arming against Germany necessary since the rise of Hitler. Russia wants to prevent a further attack from Germany. She will therefore desire a strategic frontier, with a strong Poland. She will want Britain to see that order is kept in the western sphere.

There is a fine future of bold construction ahead for the British, if we can retain our ancient virtues of justice and courage, and rise to meet the demands of a highly organised and strenuous age.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY

With Sikorski to Russia

By Major VICTOR CAZALET, M.C., M.P.

THE ROCK

TREMENDOUSLY impressive; the Fort appears to have been made impregnable under the energetic leadership of Lord Gort. It could certainly hold out for a year or more. Underground water supplies, radio stations and hospitals, etc., are now all completed. The aerodrome, which consists of a narrow strip of territory between the foot of the rock and the Spanish frontier, must always present an exposed target. Many hundreds of planes have passed through Gibraltar in the last year.

THE ISLAND

We flew by night from Gibraltar to Malta. It is very difficult to find the sea sufficiently calm both at Gibraltar and Malta for taking off and landing. We were delayed three days in Malta going out and four coming back. The trip was uneventful but very cold on the way out: we went up over ten thousand feet. In the early hours of the morning we flew quite close to Pantellaria and could just make out what might have been the coast of Sicily.

We all stayed with the Governor, Lieut.-General Sir William Dobbie, at the Palace, St. Anton. It is a beautiful old house which belonged to the Knights of Malta. A perfectly kept garden with quantities of flowers all the year round.

The Governor is a great character. He is often depicted as having the Bible in one hand and a sword in the other. It is quite a good picture of him. We said grace at meals. We lived very simply, but there is an honesty, dignity and courage about the old gentleman which is most attractive and inspiring.

EGYPT

The flight from Malta to Egypt was uneventful. The Nile had its old familiar smell. We were met by Lieutenant-General Smith, the Polish Minister, and a host of other Poles, Egyptians and British. After a day or two at the Continental—which I thought a very moderate hotel—I went to stay at Air House with Air-Marshal Tedder—a delightful bachelor establishment where I met a large number of Air-Marshals, all of whom, without exception, were young, approachable and able.

Cairo is best described as a city of 'Total Peace', unlimited petrol, sugar and liquor. Polo, tennis, hockey, football, racing, all in full swing. Day life and night life to please all kinds and ranks.

Without fear of contradiction I claim that Cairo has the best confectionery shop in the world—Groppi—a Swiss owned and run firm. At midday we used to assemble and drink coffee *à la Vienne*, with as much whipped cream as you wanted. The display of chocolates, sweets, sugar and cream cakes, etc, made you wonder if there really was a war on. All the grocery shops, and, indeed, every other kind of shop, were packed with articles which either have long disappeared from London or are strictly rationed.

Egypt is still semi-neutral, and for the merchant this results in a very prosperous state of affairs. At Christmas Cairo was full of the latest American toys—and tinned beer from the U.S.A. was the daily beverage of thousands of officers. Some part of the cargo of each ship bringing arms from America was composed of commercial goods. Nevertheless someone told me that one-third of the aircraft and the tanks which took part in the battle of Libya came from America.

ABYSSINIA

Various people from Abyssinia told me:

We, the British, have conquered the Italians in East Africa, put back the Emperor on his throne, and are getting rid by degrees of all the Italian officials who have administered Abyssinia during the last few years.

The Italians were spending nearly £20,000,000 a year in the country. They were on friendly terms with many of the inhabitants. They had built excellent roads. They had improved the water supplies. They had built electric power stations. They had provided the country with a large number of reasonably honest administrators whose aim was to improve and enrich the territory. They had given work and wages to thousands of the inhabitants.

All that is over. The Emperor is back again, and, great man as he is, it is doubtful if he would last twenty-four hours without our support—political and military. The Italian officials are gone or going. We have no British ones to replace them. We certainly are not going to spend £20,000,000 a year on the country. What are we going to do?

On the other side of the picture it must be remembered that the Italians were not improving the country for the sake of the Abyssinians. They cared nothing for the local inhabitants except in so far as they provided a slave population for themselves.

The future of Eritrea is even harder to solve, as there the Italians have done really good work.

TOBRUK

The twenty-four hours we spent at Tobruk were definitely the most interesting, exhilarating and inspiring of our whole tour. The object of our visit was to see the Polish Brigade, who were holding the Western Perimeter, and who had been sent up to relieve the Australians. They were commanded by General Kopanski, a typically delightful and gallant Pole. A Czech and an Australian battalion were included in the Polish command.

. . . Until you have been to one of these isolated posts of Empire it is difficult to imagine what the arrival of the mail means, especially in places like Tobruk, or indeed Malta. Cut off for six months from the outside world, except for an occasional convoy, the mail takes on a very significant and almost sacred aspect. At Tobruk the mail is brought up at night; by half-past ten the next morning it has been distributed. Then a transformation takes place. After the mail has been delivered there is a pause throughout the whole of Tobruk for about half an hour while officers and men read their letters. The war ceases, troubles vanish, everyone is back in his home. Mentally Tobruk is transported to the streets of London, the villages of the countryside, the mountains of Scotland and Wales. There is a kind of unrehearsed and spontaneous silence and an understanding which prevails over the whole area. A touch of another world pervades the desert air.

Even when a man has read his letter once he likes just to sit down and think about it, and perhaps read it over again. Nobody interrupts. Then eleven o'clock comes and the whole place re-awakens from its daydreams. The war and battle start again.

BAGDAD

A perfect flight of three hours landed us at Bagdad, where General Quinan met us; very friendly and all out to get things done. We had very satisfactory talks with Quinan on our journey up and down.

Dinner at the Embassy. Long and enthralling talks with our Ambassador, Sir Kinahan Cornwallis. He told me the whole history of the siege—three hundred men for over a month shut up in the Embassy, shelled every morning, and liable any moment to be massacred. If there were not so many other exciting events going on in the world this would be a tale well worth the maximum publicity and wholly creditable to the British concerned.

The American Minister did everything conceivable to help. Afterwards when the Government wished to give him a piece of plate in

recognition of his services Protocol forbade it, as well as the offer of a decoration. A signed photograph of the King was the maximum he was allowed to accept.

Nuri, the Prime Minister, came to dinner. He is working very hard to get Irak to make a more definite contribution to the Allied war effort, and has banished and shut up most of the pro-German officers in the Iraki Army. The Germans, by great energy, by the expenditure of considerable money and by a marked ability for associating with the inhabitants, had established a very firm hold in the army and in Bagdad. The River Tribes, however, were never won over.

Much criticism was voiced against our having sent before the war representatives who had done first-class work in Europe, but who had not the smallest knowledge of the Arabs or Arabia. Our military mission in those days had been composed of people who neither associated with the Iraki, nor even spoke Arabic. We just did not know what was happening.

That has all been changed. Cornwallis, before the days of Iraki independence, had been for years adviser to the Department of the Interior. No one knows the tribes or people better. He is once again helping to rule the country with admirable skill. It is now one of the conditions of being on the staff of the military mission that you speak Arabic.

THE SAGA OF LITVINOV

This story is only told as an illustration of how an international crisis can arise as the result of certain misfortunes, none of which are due to incompetence, discourtesy, or even stupidity.

Sometime towards the end of October Litvinov, Walter Monckton, Steinhard (American Ambassador in Russia), and Quentin Reynolds all started off in the same plane from Kuibyshev to go to Cairo. Delays began before they started, partly due to weather conditions and also due to the illness of Litvinov's grandchild.

Finally, when they got off, all went well until they arrived at Baku, where bad weather set in. While they were there the rumour was started that they were all lost, and the whole world was bemoaning the fate of these four eminent gentlemen. Actually they were eating caviare and going to operas or concerts every night in Baku.

Litvinov was supposed to send the telegrams to say they were all right, but, either because he thought they would be off before any telegram could reach its destination, or because he was well aware that the Soviet Government knew where they were, no telegrams were sent. In three days the rumours that they had crashed in some out-of-the-way part of Russia had been accepted as true.

On leaving Baku they should have been able to reach Teheran in about three hours. Bad weather again held them up and they had to spend twenty-four hours in Pahlevi on the Caspian Sea.

Finally they reached Teheran some ten days late. At Teheran they found an R.A.F. plane (a comfortable Douglas) had been sent up from Cairo specially for them. It was arranged to leave at 7.30 a.m. the next morning, but, as Monckton and Steinhard were particularly anxious to get through to either Lydda or Cairo in the day, the hour was changed to 6.30. Litvinov was informed, but on hearing that it was 6.30 he said he would prefer to go by a later plane. It is only fair to say it was the first time he had flown and his wife had a very sore throat.

There happened to be a civilian British Overseas Airways plane leaving the next day. One of the officials at our Legation informed the Russian Embassy that if Mr. Litvinov wished to go next day seats could be reserved for him and his party on that plane, and would the Ambassador let him know if they were required. For some unknown reason no message was sent to the British Legation saying Litvinov wished to go by that plane.

As there happened to be three vacant seats in the plane the local manager of B.O.A.C. filled them up that evening with three other people who were next on the waiting list. At 8.20 the following morning the engines of the plane were warming up. Just as the plane—already full—started to taxi off a car arrived with Litvinov and party. They asked about their passage. Meanwhile the plane had gone. No one knew anything about it.

Then Litvinov was invited to go in his own Russian plane to Bagdad, but the weather reports were unfavourable and the pilot decided not to take off that day. Meanwhile another R.A.F. plane had been ordered up from Bagdad, but owing to bad weather conditions in Bagdad this was delayed forty-eight hours. In the end after

three days' delay he got off in his own plane as far as Bagdad, being equally irritated at the muddles made by man and the obstructions created by God.

Various further complications arose at Bagdad which made Litvinov decide to alter his route and go to the U.S.A. via India and Singapore. Everyone testifies to the calm and courtesy with which the Russian party met their various contretemps.

Stories of the rest of his journey across India tell us nothing except of successful flights, champagne functions and harmonious results. Apparently Litvinov crossed the Pacific in the last plane before the Japanese War.

TEHERAN

Everyone loved being in Teheran. We all would have liked to stay on another week or more. Everywhere else—especially Cairo—a second-rate Paris—we were only too anxious to leave and get on to our destination. It is not very easy to explain the reason. The people are poor, dirty, diseased and corrupt. A foreign diplomat who had been there for some years and had had considerable experience of backward peoples, assured us that the Persians did not possess one single redeeming virtue. This is, perhaps, rather sweeping. I'm told the Persians have a rather malicious sense of humour and a great love of poetry. Perhaps that is more important than anything else. The streets are filled with beggars. There are no good restaurants or cinemas, and it is not very easy to meet any Persians.

Yet, in spite of all these factors, we liked Teheran. Indeed, all English people seem to like being in Persia. There must be a subtle attraction in the people. Teheran is 4,000 feet up. The weather was glorious, the air superb, the streets wide and good, with running water down each gutter. The surrounding mountains were covered in snow and you could see them from almost every street.

On our return to Teheran I stayed at an hotel some seventeen miles away, 2,000 feet higher up, very modern, superb situation, and every comfort you could desire. It was an enterprise of the former Shah. He used to visit it every Friday, coming in by the back door, ask who was there, examine the accounts, visit the kitchen, and as was his custom if anything displeased him, give the person responsible, or indeed whoever was near him, a good whack over the backside with his stick.

From what I heard on all sides, and confirmed by a fairly long and very frank talk with the new Shah, I formed an exceedingly high opinion of him. He is twenty-two, and was educated in Switzerland. He is an idealist and has a profound belief in the theory of democracy, but, like many other people, finds it difficult to harmonize his democratic faith with the problems of practical government. He is much the best of the Shah's sons, of whom there are six. The others are remembered only by the fact that they possessed extremely fast motor-cars in which they drove like Jehu through the streets of Teheran.

We left Teheran on Friday 28th and flew to Baku.

RUSSIA

Russia is winning the war for us. The Germans are being killed in vast numbers. If, after victory, we continue to live in England in even a relatively free country politically and economically, it will be largely because millions of so-called Communists have died to help us defeat the Germans. No one has yet suggested how we should have ever won the war until Germany attacked Russia.

If you regard Russia as the most westerly of Oriental countries, and not the most easterly of European, you will not be surprised, shocked or confused by what happens there.

In the last twenty years much has changed in Russia, but much remains the same. It is just different people doing the same things under different names. People will continue to argue for all time whether as a result of twenty years of Communism or State Capitalism the people are better off than they were in the old Tsarist days—there is plenty to be said on both sides.

The Germans are being defeated by exactly the same enemies as were Charles XII of Sweden and

General Sikorski, C.-in-C. of Polish Forces, visiting the fortifications of Gibraltar

Napoleon: the size of Russia, the coldness of the winter, and the inherent bravery of her people.

In Russia the individual has a very different position from that over here. There are always hundreds and thousands and millions more. There is no reverence for the dignity of the individual—which is the most treasured feature of our civilization. Hospitality remains the same. So does the love of the theatre. The Secret Police still exist in large numbers—as do political prisoners.

On landing at Baku we were met and entertained exactly as we might have been by some former Grand Duke who happened to be Governor of the Caucasus. All the local dignitaries, the Chef du Protocol from Kuibyshev, special N.K.V.D. (modern equivalent of the O.G.P.U.) were sent from Moscow to be attached to Sikorski while he was in Russia. They were very pleasant folk, who thoroughly enjoyed the good fare with which we were regularly entertained. A fleet of cars took us into the town, where we were lodged in the best ex-tourist hotel in Russia. It had baths and running water. I shared a room with a very pleasant American, Colonel Grifiss. The climate at Baku is always moderate and the people look well fed and clothed.

The streets and houses and everyone's clothes were dreary and drab, but that's the same everywhere in Russia. Every door and window-frame wants a new coat of paint, and has wanted it for years.

We arrived at 3 p.m., and were very hungry. Some food, we were told, would be served at four. 'Some' food was served at four. A banquet for twenty-four, which could not have been excelled for excellency and size in any previous régime.

This 'caviare business', with which every visitor to Russia comes back so impressed, is really nothing but the old-fashioned Russian hospitality. Food and drink, caviare and vodka, they have been synonymous for years with Russian hospitality. The Russians have an innate and traditional love for entertaining. Nothing is too good for the guest. Any Russian officer considers himself a sissy if he can't outdrink his guest. Just as it was in the olden days. As I am a teetotaller and as toasts are exchanged between every course, I had to use some ingenuity to avoid a show of unfriendliness. Luckily water looks very like vodka.

After two hours' well-earned rest we went off to the Opera—a fair performance of *Prince Igor*. In the *entr'acte* another feast of caviare and tangerines. It was really rather shocking how much one ate.

The children looked well and happy, and were skating and ski-ing along the streets in all weathers. The young people at the theatre looked remarkably happy, and engaged couples looked and behaved like engaged couples everywhere else in

the world. The women wore dreary clothes, but their hair and their nails were well kept. Now for an amazing story. Next door to the Grand Hotel was a manicure and hair-dressing establishment Day and Night, up to and past midnight, with the lights blazing, women sat and had their nails manicured and their hair waved. It was always crowded, and I never passed it when every table and chair was not fully occupied.

CRIPPS

I saw Cripps most days and had long talks with him on every conceivable subject. Having regarded him all my life with a good deal of suspicion, I came away with the greatest possible admiration for his political integrity and courage and feeling real affection for himself.

Wherever Cripps goes three police in plain clothes follow him. They are not there so much to supervise his activities but to save him from being molested by anyone, and to help him in every way possible.

The fact that there are three men is a sign of great distinction on the part of the Soviet Government. The American Ambassador for some unknown reason had only two. . . .

STALIN AND SIKORSKI

No one could have been more friendly than Stalin—who begged Sikorski to come back again. It was arranged that the Polish Army for the time being should consist of six to seven divisions, and that the Russians would feed them; but the English and Americans must provide the equipment. From the very moment the interview took place the attitude of every official in Russia changed towards the Poles.

Stalin gave a dinner for Sikorski after their talk, at which Sikorski counted thirty-five different items on the menu. After it had been going on for about two hours Stalin saw that Sikorski was eating nothing more, so he countermanded the rest of the dinner and took him off to see a cinema. At midnight he took him up to his room and signed the Polish-Soviet Agreement.

POLISH WOMEN

There was quite a number of Polish women who were all doing military work of some kind. I went to tea with two of them who lived with their mother in one room of a two-roomed cottage. The other room was occupied by the owner. In this one room they had a huge stove, a few bits of furniture and electric light.

They were people of superior education who had always lived well. They immediately insisted on giving us food—sardines, bread and butter and cucumbers. We were very loath to take it, as I am sure it was all they had. They told us how they regarded this little haven of home and privacy as 'absolutely heaven' after what they had all been through. To be there as free Polish citizens, to be united again, to have the privacy of a room to themselves—these were the joys which made them forget the experiences of the past two years. I have never seen such disinterestedness, unselfishness and magnificent spirit.

The impression that remains most vivid is the picture of the Poles in Russia.

GALLANT POLAND

Thousands of them, men, women and children, very little food, inadequate clothing, tents as their sole habitation; all living in freezing temperatures—all separated from their home and families—yet smiling, laughing, singing. It only goes to show that when the cause is good enough and the heart of man is in the right place the spirit can overcome every material discomfort and trial. To me, at any rate, remembrance of the Poles is a constant corrective to any thought of irritation in everyday life. It is no less an inspiration. I hope that the reading of these few pages may not only be of some interest but also make others feel as I do about this very gallant nation.

Growing Pains in the British Army

by JOHN BROPHY

John Brophy joined up in 1914 before he was fifteen, and served as a private in France and Belgium. In this war he is a Home Guard officer and the author of four training manuals, which, despite the paper shortage, reprint every few months. His criticisms of the British Army are all constructive—sweeping enough to give confidence to the civilian and a fearful joy to the subaltern!

THE Army is the Cinderella of the British fighting services. One reason why it comes in for such widespread and abusive criticism is that the average man (that never isolated organism whose existence is yet beyond doubt) although he realizes that fleets and air squadrons are beyond his scope, always feels convinced that he could run a land campaign better than any general who does not achieve immediate and picturesque success.

The Army has a new and more practical service uniform: battle dress—but brass buttons still glitter on greatcoats, and troops parade in a fore-and-aft soft service cap which looks absurd and falls off if the wearer runs. The War Office has democratised at least the junior commissioned ranks by insisting on potential officers first serving as privates and then passing out from one of the O.C.T.U.s (Officer Cadet Training Units) before mounting their pips. Compared with 1914–18 there are few silly-ass subalterns to be met nowadays, but it is doubtful if selection boards and O.C.T.U. commandants secure all the best material available.

Ever since the British Army fell under the spell of Prussian efficiency (after 1870, when spiked helmets were adopted) it has consolidated its inherent tendency to look for and create an officer type—a type with many virtues, but severe limitations. With the enlargement of the army and the commissioning of thousands of men whose minds have been educated outside the military world, a kind of submerged tug-of-war has begun. The newcomers must needs learn from the professionals and absorb the tradition, and this means that they must to some extent conform to the officer type. On the other hand, their civilian individuality compels them to resist some of these precepts and examples, and to contribute from their own experience, suggestions of value to the Army. This secret tension can be made valuable to both sides, and there is evidence that the regular soldier of today is more open-minded and more susceptible to non-professional criticism than his predecessor of 1914. Nevertheless, the regular soldier has the whip hand, and by the time he attains high command he is more set in his habits of thinking than he probably

realizes. I should like to see a free lance non-professional officer tour the O.C.T.U.s to talk informally and freely with the cadets, so that masters may be able to learn from pupils.

To meet the new developments of warfare, the Army has evolved some interesting new corps. So far little use has been made of parachute troops; their function is essentially bound up with the general offensive, and doubtless they are being held back for the time when we seize and expand bridgeheads in Europe. Parachutists have been little used by either side on the Russian front, and this may indicate that, now the initial surprise is over, they are effective only where complete air superiority is established and where they can be supported within twenty-four hours by other arms. Three other new corps are interesting because their formation shows the British Army moving in its own way towards a recognition of the new isolated unit technique of war, which demands, for both attack and defence, self-sufficient small units embodying their own artillery, supply services and transport. These three new corps are the Commandos, the motorised Desert Commandos recently improvised in Libya from tanks, artillery and infantry, and the Reconnaissance Corps—scouts in fast armoured cars. Of these only the Desert Commandos could be described precisely as Combat Teams, and they are merely temporary, local improvisations. It is characteristically British that the underlying principles should go undefined, and practice drift untidily along, making only intermittent contact with theory.

In many ways the most interesting as well as by far the largest of the new corps added to the Army is the Home Guard. It is also the most modern in function, because it is decentralised—Zones and Sub-Areas could and should be abolished tomorrow for all their practical use—and operates in small independent units whose variety of arms makes them more like the ideal Combat Team needed for today. The Home Guard has received plenty of compliments in Parliament but little understanding. The cardinal fact about it is that it is an army of producers and taxpayers who do their soldiering in their spare time until the enemy appears. By contrast, the full-time soldier, unless and until he is in action, produces nothing and must himself (and to a large extent his family also) be maintained at the national expense. A firm understanding of this distinction would surely have prevented the 'calling up' of Home Guards between the ages of 41 and 51. This 'call up' must reduce the Home Guard's efficiency by taking away a large body of its most willing members, most of them with active service experience, annihilating them as producers and taxpayers—and all in order that they may perform home defence duties few of which become essential till invasion is imminent.

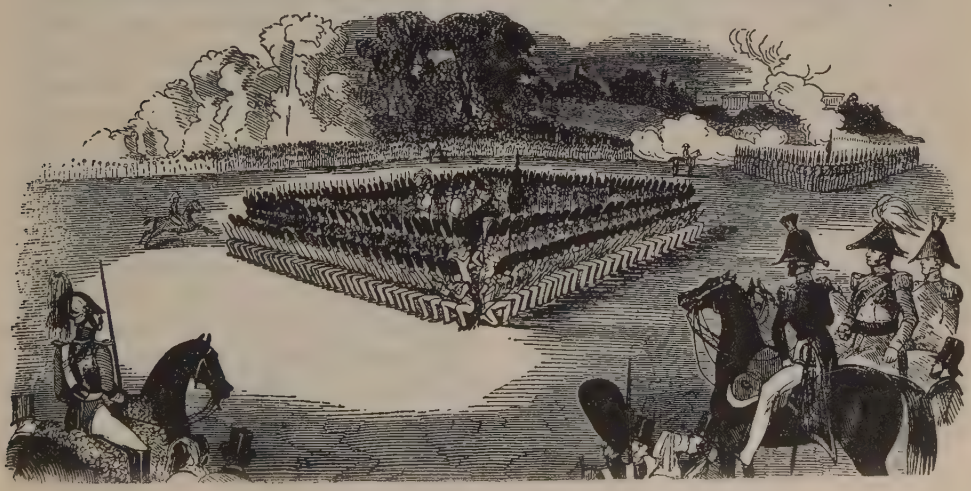
Then there is a new corps which ought to have been created, but has not: for providing army assault units with their own air support, bombers and fighters. During the recent Libya campaign it is said that Rommel was able to recondition damaged tanks at night by the light of naphtha flares without air interference. This report may be based on a misapprehension. The R.A.F. recently has worked much more closely with the Army, and it looks as if, in the British way, practical results are being achieved while the principles underlying them are still being vigorously denied.

The problem of supplying the Army with new and more effective weapons is

closely bound up with industrial development. The Army is not wholly to blame, but undoubtedly it has dithered too much and too long; it has sought a final, finicky perfection before allowing a model to be generally issued, as if modern war and mass-production allowed leisure for second thoughts. The new rifle with the six-inch bayonet combines the best points of the 'American', notably the aperture backsight, with the long-proved qualities of the short Lee-Enfield. It looks as if it could be turned out quickly and cheaply by mass-production —and the factories should have been working full time as soon as Hitler seized power in Germany. The Bren and the Thompson gun are at last beginning to reinforce in substantial quantities the rifle for infantry: the 25-pounder is superior to the old 18-pounder field gun. But what is urgently needed is: field guns mounted on armoured motor vehicles and able to open direct fire in any direction without the delay of unlimbering, i.e. something like tanks with greatly reduced armour but heavier guns; more quick-firing guns to put enemy tanks out of action before they get too close; and more dual-purpose guns, which can be used against airborne planes, as well as against ground targets. And it would seem that British (and American) tanks are not yet armoured heavily enough or equipped with guns able to knock out other tanks decisively and quickly. It looks as if plans had been made to meet the situation at the time of planning, not as it has since developed. Further planning should be directed not merely to catch up with present deficiencies but to match and overpower the Axis weapons of 1943–4.

British military strategy remains, and rightly, much what it has been for centuries, dependent on the command of the seas, with the air as a new complication. Having a population of only forty-odd millions, Britain cannot raise an army of continental size: that means she can reinforce but not control a campaign in Europe. Tactics are another matter. In Libya a form of co-operation between tank columns and motorised infantry has been tried out, and its failures were probably due in part to the weapon defects mentioned above. It had its successes, and it is probable that future British practice, like the German, will increase the infantry complement within

'Prepare to receive cavalry, front rank kneeling!'—a 'British Square' formed by Grenadiers in Hyde Park in 1843. This 'island defence' won us Waterloo, and is being taught again today, in place of the line system of 1914–1918



the armoured division itself. There is promise in Battle Drill, with every movement done at the double, emphasis laid on cover, live ammunition overhead, and a code of well-rehearsed movements, such as is used by American football teams. There may be a certain amount of ballyhoo attached to it, left over from the 1914–18 bayonet assault courses, as if a cool head were not more valuable and not more difficult to achieve in action than apoplectic emotions of hatred; but I am assured that the picturesque account published in *The Times* is misleading in at least one important particular: assault tactics are not confined to the miniature pincers movement or filtration followed by a converging in rear of the enemy position.

The most fundamental need is for the Cabinet, assisted by Parliamentary criticism, to clear its mind and decide what kind and size of Army it requires for the purpose of defeating the Axis on land in co-operation with America, Russia and China. At present the idea seems to be merely to collect men and utilise a large proportion of them in a maintenance organisation which has scarcely changed since 1918. The size of the fighting Army can properly be determined only by its function, the supply of modern weapons, and the number of men available. And that brings us to man-power, a word which appears to stupefy most of those who use it: they make the bland assumption that every citizen put into uniform automatically adds his maximum contribution to the war effort. Anyone who keeps eyes and ears open knows that this is not so. The Government should certainly direct every adult citizen into useful employment, but it would be wise to compel all the services drastically to simplify their whole administration, to abolish cumbrous procedures and out-of-date functions, and especially to reduce the filling up and filing of forms by anything from 50 to 90 per cent. Thousands of men in khaki or blue are wasting their time, and until this economy is established the services might well be rationed for recruits; they should be required to prove beforehand what good use they can make of any man or woman they wish to enlist. All these reforms entail a change of outlook, and all should work, in the Army, to the end of producing a not necessarily large but a highly efficient expeditionary force of tremendous striking power, the spearhead of the nation at war.

The further democratising of the Army, by which most people mean equality of opportunity for advancement, and the minimising of privileges, is not so simple a problem as it may seem. In theory it should be easy to abolish the distinction between commissioned and non-commissioned rank, and make a straight upward sweep from lance-corporal to field-marshal. But in practice a man who would make an excellent adjutant or staff-officer might fail to obtain or to hold a sergeant's status. Nevertheless, the following democratic reforms could be effected comparatively easily and quickly: equalize the pay of the private soldier (subtracting allowances, etc.) with average industrial wages; abolish salutes (a burden to everyone) except on parade and within camp areas; abolish brass polishing and other duties which irk because they serve no useful purpose; pay subalterns better, so that good men are not precluded from commissions by lack of means, but insist that officers' food, quarters and uniforms be identical with those for the 'other ranks'. This would go a long way to remove the common grievance that the Army is

organized, on feudal lines, into two classes: nobility and servitors.

Finally, the rights of the private soldier as a citizen should be clearly established. At present he has none worth speaking of—only 'privileges' which may be withdrawn. The crux of this difficult problem is the unit commander, and the personal happiness and even self-respect of the private soldier may easily depend on the character of his O.C. Humane and sensible commanding officers are more common than in 1914–18, but there are still to be found stupid, and often secretly neurotic specimens, whose conception of soldiering is not very different from that of the nineteenth-century hospital matron or head-mistress of a girls' reformatory; such men have been known to order the metal buttons at the bottom of trousers (concealed by gaiters) to be cleaned every day, and to keep officers and men confined to camp, day and night, when they have no duties to perform, all in the interests of discipline.

Discipline in the Army has been modified in various direction, but it has scarcely been studied scientifically as a problem of psychology. Fundamentally it is a device to secure instant obedience by subordinates, often against instinct, for without such obedience no army can go successfully into action. The Army's ground work for securing this instant obedience is foot and arms drill, kept up throughout the soldier's regimental career. And contrary to some civilian suppositions, drill, provided it is not overdone and is shorn of bullying, can be a pleasurable exercise for body and mind: it gives the individual a sharp and satisfactory sense of being a valuable member of a community to which he adds, and from which he draws, strength. What the Army has not altogether realised is that two of the factors in the foot-drill-to-battle-discipline sequence have recently changed enormously—the mind of the private soldier and the nature of tactical operations. The private has developed intelligence and reasoning power: he cannot be deceived by catch phrases reiterated. And tactical operations demand from everyone as much initiative as obedience, so that the unit commander more often than not is literally unable to command his men in battle: he must leave it to them to decide what to do at certain moments and can only ask that their action shall further his general plan. Pleasurable, therefore, as drill may be, it no longer fulfils its whole function. It should be further reduced almost to the Home Guard minimum, and the standardising shadow it casts on so many Army activities should be removed. Every time the sacred name of discipline is evoked, however plausibly, to make the private soldier perform an action which his common sense tells him does not promote his efficiency as a fighting soldier, true discipline loses part of its grip.

Possibly, however, the most acute disciplinary problem in the British Army concerns the majors, colonels and brigadiers who command units. It is said that while the higher authorities provide excellent, lively and modern training instructions, these very often never reach junior officers and 'other ranks' because commanding officers think they 'know better' and ignore most of the new ideas passed on to them. Practice, no doubt, varies, but there can be little doubt that many officers of field rank, following an old tradition, regard themselves as kings of their own particular castles. They are usually the same small-minded men who interfere with the private lives of their subordinates. They

should be brought to order or relieved of their commands. A touring board of senior officers (non-professionals whose post-war careers will not be affected by any enmities they stir up) might serve a useful purpose by investigating the conduct of many commanders in these particulars.

And so we come to the top ranks, the generals who command divisions, corps and armies, or who direct strategy, operations, supply and training from the War Office or one of the various general headquarters. The memoirs of the 1914–18 war revealed a shocking amount of intrigue and personal jealousy among generals of all nations, as well as some appalling incompetence. The British Army today is probably much better served, yet it would be rash to assume that all these defects have disappeared. One outstanding characteristic of most professional soldiers who rise to general rank is a lack of moral courage. It is not their fault. Their careers depend on a tactful tongue: if they speak their minds too freely they are sure to offend someone who, if he has not power today, may have it tomorrow. Promotion, like kissing, goes by favour. Add to this the fact that the incompetence of certain generals, though it may be a by-word in the clubs, rarely brings dismissal until a campaign has gone wrong beyond all concealment, or a fortress is captured by the enemy, and large numbers of innocent men have lost their lives. Where frank criticism is penalised, and caution is made an absolute virtue, moral courage has a poor chance.

There can be no simple remedy for such a state of affairs. The problem is first to weed out the incompetents before they have done disastrous harm; and in the last twelve months an astonishing number of generals have quietly come unstuck. And secondly the problem is to get the good generals into posts where their qualities will be most fully and usefully employed. There are three major types: generals who are leaders of men, generals who are organisers and administrators, and generals with analytical and critical minds, who can produce new ideas and work other people's ideas into practicable form. Very rarely are all three qualities found fully developed in the same man, and an administrative general, under the present system, must, to secure promotion and further his career, often take a post where leadership or original ideas are called for, while a man who could do the job better is making a mess of administration somewhere else. A German colonel can do a captain's job for a time without loss of prestige, and a German chief of staff may hold higher rank than his commander. But in Britain the post determines the rank, and if the right man is too exalted or too lowly he does not get the job at all.

To help put this right I suggest that the ranks of major-general and lieutenant-general be abolished. Every general would hold the same rank, and whatever his employment he would have no advantage of seniority or pay over any other general. The post he occupied at any moment would establish and limit his authority. If he were found unsuitable and moved to another post, the move would be neither promotion nor reprimand. The rank of Field-Marshal would be given only after retirement, and no general would appear in an Honours List till the end of the war. This system would at least ensure that generals did not take posts for which they were unsuitable merely at the prompting of ambition, and it might go a long way to remove intrigue and jealousy by taking away the incentives.

Has the Land a Future?

by A. P. McDOUGALL, C.B.E.

The author was former Livestock Commissioner for Scotland and Vice-Chairman of the Scottish Farmers' Union, and is now Chairman and Managing Director of Midland Marts Ltd., the big firm of livestock auctioneers

THERE will never be real land reform until the people of England become 'land-minded'. They must be as conscious of its value to them as they are of the value of the house that gives them shelter. Before that happens there will be much to unlearn—and still more to learn.

During the Industrial Revolution 'cheap food' was all that mattered to the towns; and the land was of value for two purposes only—for factory sites, or as a source of low-paid labour to man those factories when built. At a time when, as far as food production was concerned, land values fell catastrophically, they rose to unprecedented heights when workers' houses had to be built or when the land was wanted for anything but farming. It is said of a Duke of Bedford of those days that though the value of his agricultural property, which was enormous, was falling, his fortune from selling land for railway construction and other industrial purposes was growing so rapidly that he gave back to a Railway Company £90,000 compensation he had been awarded, saying that he was ashamed to take it.

The worst miseries of industrial England could have been avoided if the people had been land conscious. On the one hand overcrowding and slums would not have happened. There would have been elbow-room for all. On the other, the countryside could have been a land of plenty.

For the last fifty years there has been a slow awakening. Much of the effort towards reconstruction has, however, come from the wrong source. Heaven only knows how many Royal Commissions and Committees have been appointed to consider the problem of what agriculture should do to be saved. In nearly all cases it was looked at from the point of view not of the nation as a whole but of the farmer and the farm worker—the farm worker a bad second. We had, of course, always with us the 'arty-crafty' Englishman, the week-ender, whose interest in the countryside was at the same time patronising and sentimental. He did us no good. The farmer despised him for his lack of practical knowledge, and the worker had no use for his condescending 'foreign' ways.

These efforts were foredoomed to failure, because there was no real attempt to make the 93 per cent of the nation not directly concerned with the land conscious of the loss that they suffered from the neglect of their greatest heritage. Until we accept this, not as high-falutin platform tripe but as an elemental fact, until we feel it in the marrow of our bones, we shall get nowhere. The job, if properly tackled, is not nearly as difficult as most of us think.

The first thing we have to do is to decide once for all whether we are to leave the existing system of ownership based on large estates to die, as it is doing, a slow but certain death, or hasten its extinction. If we do, what then? Are we to become a nation of peasant proprietors? Is the land to revert to the State, which means to the people of England? That land ownership ever became a thing to sell and resell on the Rialtos of the world is one of the greatest misfortunes mankind has ever suffered. The first alternative (leaving things alone) is ridiculous. Is there a single diehard Tory left in England who believes that it is possible or desirable? The second has much in its favour, but only in societies differently constituted from ours, in which, for instance, 50 per cent or more of the population live on and from the land. But in a country where only 7 per cent have their feet on the soil, to suggest that the remaining 93 per cent should see the land, which is theirs just as much as anyone else's, passing with State assistance into the hands of a small minority to do with as they will is just as preposterous as if a Duke of the Eighteenth Century rose from the grave to demand his hereditary privileges.

There is therefore nothing left but State ownership, and for the State, that is for the people of England, to insist on the development of their property; to see to it that there is not a waste acre; that those workers, either by hand or brain, who have the privilege of managing this great trust are worthy of their task, and are rewarded accordingly. No ship may leave our harbours unless the skipper on the bridge and the engineer below have certificates of competence, but in peacetime, without thought as to the result, we allow anyone to use or abuse our land according to his whims and fancies.

Exploring the Unseeable

The Quantum Science of the Atom

By J. G. CROWTHER

Author of 'The Social Relations of Science', 'British Scientists of the 19th Century', 'Soviet Science', etc.

In February J. G. Crowther discussed the science of the unimaginably large—the revolution in astronomy—now he tells us of the unimaginably small—the revolution in atomic physics

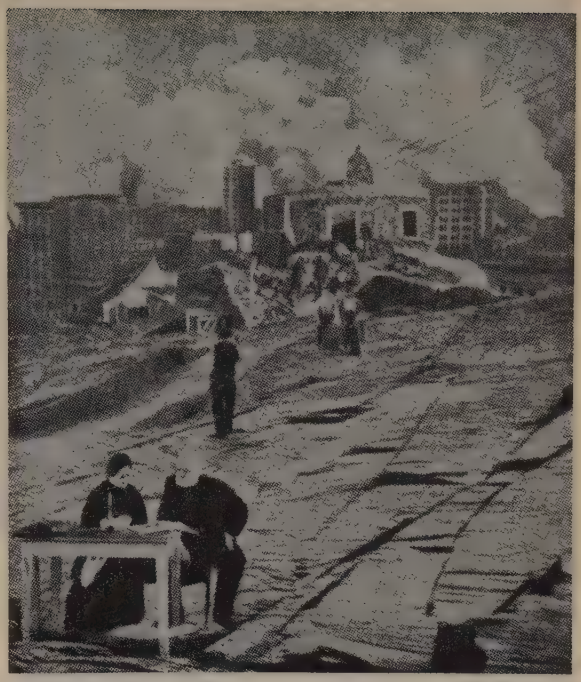
E. H. RAMSDEN, in 'Painting and Sculpture' (No. 3 in this series), explained how art has suddenly found itself presented with previously unimagined possibilities. This was due to its liberation from the dogma of representation. For several centuries artists had been preoccupied with copying Nature, with its content of men and things. Even Leonardo da Vinci defined the quality of a painting by the fidelity with which it imitated Nature. It is scarcely necessary to mention that several types of modern art do not copy anything in Nature, though sometimes we find Nature subsequently copying modern art. This has happened in Surrealism. Many must have noticed how bombed houses of today resemble Surrealist pictures of twenty years ago. Nature seems to have reversed the situation, and to be going in for a bit of representation instead of being represented, taking the compositions of the Surrealists as its subject. This connection between bombed landscapes and Surrealism is not fortuitous. Both of them arise from violence and conflict: the former from that of explosives, the latter from that of the emotions. These in turn both arise from underlying social and other conflicts. Physical science has also recently escaped from representationalism. That is really what all the revolution in physics is about. Since the foundation of modern science at the beginning of the seventeenth century, physicists had proceeded on the basis of the dogma that all matter behaves like that with which we are immediately familiar. Enormous objects such as stars were assumed to behave like big lumps of flaming coal, and tiny invisible objects such as atoms were assumed to behave like billiard balls.

The characteristic of the behaviour of all common objects is lack of surprise. They are characterised by continuity. Even when they move about, they proceed from point to point, smoothly. You do not see a chair at one end of the room, and then, at the next instant, at the other. Men are variable, but they are sufficiently constant to respond to the same name, and be susceptible of arrest at different times by the police as being the same persons. Mr. Smith on Sunday does not become Mrs. Jones on Monday. The common objects of life behave with a great deal of regularity. One condition follows another in a recognisable

sequence, so that it is possible to forecast that if one kind of event happens, then it will be followed by another definite kind of event. For example, if you boil water, it will turn into steam, and you know that after night, day follows. This is what is meant by saying that familiar objects obey the law of causality.

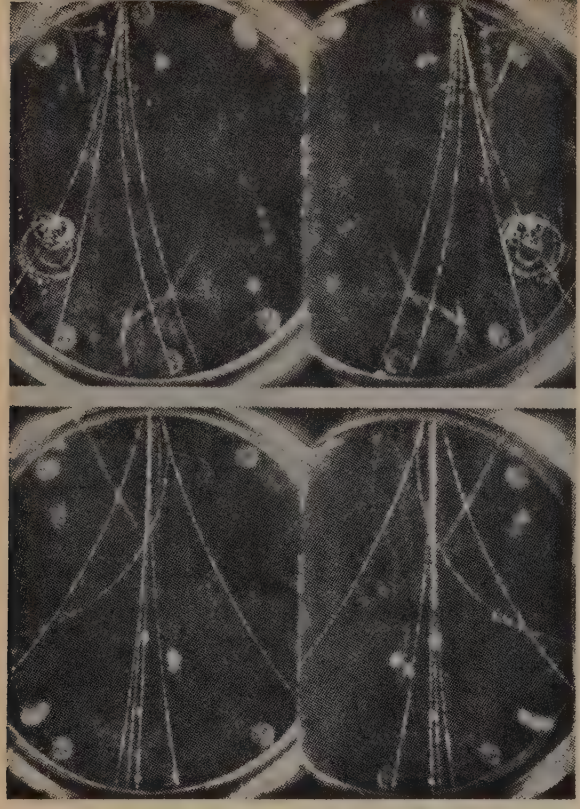
The ideas of continuity and causality have, of course, been deduced from our experience of the way in which common objects behave. There is no reason why uncommon or hitherto unknown objects should behave in the same way. Science has, in fact, discovered that other ideas are needed to describe the behaviour of very fast-moving and very small objects. We cannot completely represent them by lines or points or waves or any kind of picture used to represent familiar things.

The greatest scientists have always been free from the tendency to project common conceptions into uncommon places. Isaac Newton, unlike many of his followers, was very careful to state that his laws of motion applied only to familiar objects, and might not apply to very small ones. Clerk-Maxwell arrived at his theory of electricity by considering diagrams of geared wheels like supermangles. When he had discovered the theory, he abolished the mangles, because he knew that the complete representation of the electric field and its behaviour by any kind of common picture was impossible. Maxwell deduced the existence of radio waves twenty-six years before it was confirmed by experiment. The mathematical representation of the radio waves was more real to him than any concrete phenomenon. A similar mode of thought seems to have run through his religious attitude, for he said that his belief in the Holy Ghost would have been weakened,



Art forecasts Nature: La Nuit vénitienne, by the Surrealist painter, Paul Eluard, 1934

Nature imitates Art: After an Air Raid on London by Hermann Goering



Waves being transformed into particles. Here cosmic ray energy in the form of waves is being transformed into pairs of particles. The tracks bent towards the right are of positive electrons and those to the left, of negative electrons (Anderson)

not strengthened, by the apparition of Our Lord before him. He had an innate suspicion of the obvious, the representational, and perhaps that is why he is the parent of modern physics.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE OBVIOUS

The most profound scientific geniuses, like Newton and Maxwell, have always been ready to see new ways of conceiving things from the merest hints, and they often unconsciously formulate their ideas so as to avoid difficulties as yet unforeseen. The average person needs pretty concrete demonstrations before a new idea becomes real to him.

The first cracks in the classical building of modern science, which was based on the idea that the worlds of the big and the little were merely different in size and not in quality from the world of the familiar, occurred at the end of the nineteenth century. Michelson and Morley, and Fizeau, proved that the speed of light is constant, and is not affected by the movement of its source. No material object has a speed greater than light. Hence no kind of signal can proceed faster than light. This has very far-reaching consequences, because scientific observation is based on signals. It had been assumed that the signals necessary for observation could, in principle, proceed at infinite speed. When it was discovered that such signals are impossible, physicists had to eliminate the assumption from the logical statement of the laws of motion. It demanded an enormous effort of abstract thought, and was first accomplished by Einstein in his theory of relativity.

Experiment shows that the length and mass and time of a moving object vary according to the speed of motion relative to the observer. It is evident that the concepts of space, time and motion used in the theory of relativity are not quite the same as those used in the language of daily life and derived from common experience of matter. They are no longer strictly representational.

THE UNITS OF NATURE

While physicists wrestled with the logical implications of the impossibility of making instantaneous signals, or observations, a new set of even more far-reaching cracks grew in the monument of classical science.

The warmth you feel from a radiator falls on you in the form of waves which are of varying length. The heat is distributed among the carrier waves in proportions depending on their wavelength, and the temperature of the

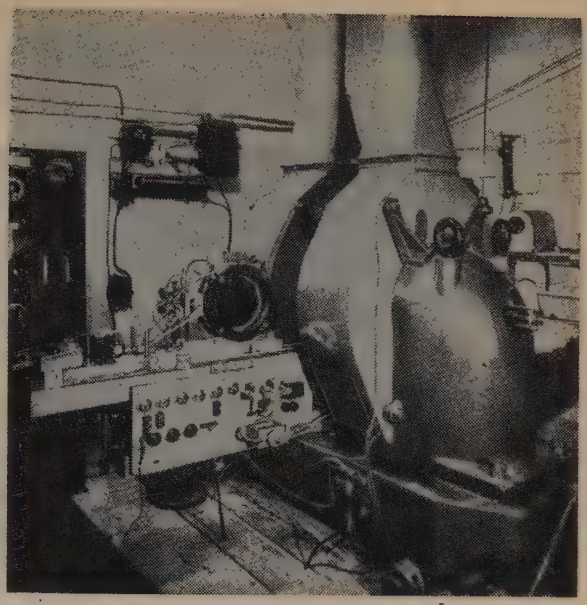
radiator. Careful experiments have revealed the rules of distribution, and physicists have naturally tried to explain what they have observed. Planck showed that unless you assume that heat is emitted in packets of definite size, you cannot explain the observed distribution; but if you do, you can explain it perfectly. Planck said that heat, or energy, can exist only in packets of definite size: there is no such thing as an indefinitely small quantity of energy.

The implications of this fact are far more bizarre even than relativity. For instance, a rotating wheel cannot change its speed gradually: it jumps from one speed to another. You do not notice the jumps with bicycle wheels, because they are very small compared with the wheel. But in atomic wheels the jumps are of comparable size, and produce effects unparalleled in ordinary experience.

SQUARE PEGS DO NOT FIT ROUND HOLES

Planck's discovery that energy could exist only in finite quantities, or quanta, became the basis of the Quantum Theory. It follows from the theory that any change in energy, and hence any action, can occur only in finite amounts.

The theory was soon used to explain other strange discoveries. When a beam of ultra-violet light is directed on to a zinc plate, electrons jump out of the zinc. Lenard discovered the very surprising fact that the speed at which the electrons jump off has nothing to do with the intensity of the light. If you turn up the ultra-violet lamp so that the beam is more intense, the electrons do not jump any faster, but there are more of them. This is quite different from the behaviour of ordinary waves; for instance, sea-waves. The more intense or violent they are, the farther they throw pebbles up the beach.



The apparatus which makes cosmic rays take snapshots of themselves. It was developed by Professor P. M. S. Blackett, of Manchester. The cosmic ray tracks in fig. 3 are made with this type of apparatus (Blackett)

Sir William Bragg has described the paradox very simply: 'It is as if one dropped a plank into the sea from a height of 100 feet, and found that the spreading ripple was able, after travelling 1,000 miles and becoming infinitesimal in comparison with the original amount, to act upon a wooden ship in such a way that a plank of that ship flew out of its place to a height of 100 feet.'

Einstein was the first to explain the zinc electrons' standard jump. He made the revolutionary suggestion that the rays of ultra-violet light were really *particles*, and not waves. These light-particles had a definite packet of energy. When they fell on the zinc plate, they ejected electrons that they happened to strike. And as all of the light-particles had the same energy, they communicated the same speed to all of the ejected electrons.

It will be noticed that the quantum theory introduces an enormous standardisation into phenomena. Instead of having electrons of an infinite variety of speeds jumping out of the zinc, they are

X-RAYS BEHAVING LIKE PARTICLES

A very narrow, invisible beam of X-rays enters horizontally at the point indicated by the arrow. The beam has bumped four electrons out of atoms lying in its track. The four irregular lines consist of fine drops of water which have condensed on atoms agitated by the electrons that have been knocked flying (C. T. R. Wilson)

all of one speed. It seems that Nature has not gone in for an infinite variety of individual goods, but a vast standardised mass-production along a strictly limited number of lines.

Is it an accident that scientists have discovered the quantum theory of matter in an age when industrialists are elaborating mass-production and standardisation?

Niels Bohr has pointed out that the limitation on the variety of possibilities of the states of matter, which follows from the fact that energy and action can only occur in definite amounts, has the most profound consequences. It is the explanation of the remarkable stability of matter. If matter were capable of infinite variation, it would always be in a formless flux, and nothing would take any durable shape. The artist of the universe would be trying to work in water, instead of the rigid elements which provide him with materials of clay, or platinum or granite.

At the beginning of this century it became evident that light sometimes possesses the properties of waves, and sometimes those of particles. A generation later, physicists received yet another shock. They discovered that electrons and other little chunks of matter not only behaved like particles but also like waves.

It was found that all the phenomena of Nature have a dual aspect, one which is particle-like and the other wave-like. The difficulties arose through trying to describe one aspect by the method suitable for the other and, naturally, square pegs did not fit round holes.

This was very confusing for those who insisted on trying to describe the behaviour of atoms and rays in the language of everyday life. But it did not bother mathematicians, who have invented a new language which enables them to deal with such dual phenomena with ease. This language is named non-commutative algebra. In it, $A \times B$ is not equal to $B \times A$. If you subtract one from the other you do not get nothing, but a multiple of Planck's quantum.

The antics of atoms, which cannot be logically described in ordinary language, can be described with perfect logicality in the mathematical language of

non-commutative algebra. But you cannot attach any complete visual picture to the operations described in this language, as you can to the operations of everyday life.

LIGHT PREVENTS YOU FROM SEEING

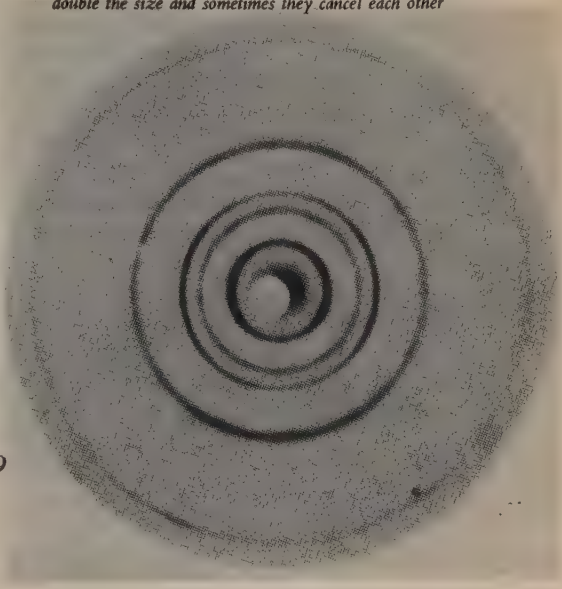
If you direct the beam of a searchlight on to an enemy cruiser, you do not push the ship out of the way. The light is reflected directly back, and in virtue of this, reveals exactly where the ship is. This is true enough in ordinary life. The battle of Matapan was based on it. But it is not absolutely true. The beam of the searchlight *does* push the ship it falls upon, but so slightly that the effect is negligible. But an electron is bounced out of the way by light, at high speed, as we learned from the effect of ultra-violet light on zinc plates. Thus we are in a quandary when we try to *see* an electron. The means with which we try to see it interfere with it. There is no way of getting round this difficulty. The only means that we have for determining the position of an electron, for showing it up, knocks it from where it was, so we can never be quite sure of its original place. There is a fundamental element of uncertainty in our only means of determining its position. This is the famous Principle of Uncertainty. It is fantastically simple and obvious, but all the genius of Heisenberg was needed to recognise it. This he did by putting the facts into very unfamiliar mathematical dress. He was thus enabled to look at them without any common preconceptions. The greatest achievement of the human mind is to escape from prejudice. When this is done, reality is often found to be quite simple. This in turn happily enables ordinary people to learn the new ideas, until they become the basis of the new common sense. Our grandchildren will find the Principle of Uncertainty as acceptable as the Multiplication Table.

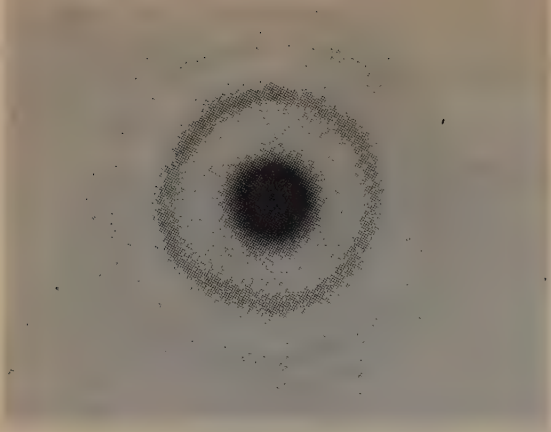
If P represents the position of an electron and M is the product of its mass and speed, then Heisenberg says that if P is very accurately determined, the value of M will be uncertain, while if M is very accurately determined that of P will be uncertain. Accurate determination of them is mutually exclusive.

The fact that the pressure of waves of light cannot be neglected in the exploration of the atomic world has tremendous philosophical consequences. It means that in the realm of individual atoms scientists cannot completely separate object from subject. In Newtonian science the physicist is a passive observer. His own observations are not supposed to interfere with the course of Nature. In fact, besides the distinction between object and subject, everything is sharply separated from everything else, space from time, mass from speed, etc. In Einsteinian science the absolute separations of space and time, etc., have disappeared.

X-RAYS BEHAVING LIKE WAVES

The rays have passed through a powder of fine crystals. They are reflected by the regular rows of atoms in the crystals. The various reflected rays interfere with each other, so that the emergent beam is striated, being darker in some places and lighter in others. The effect is characteristic of wave-motions, and a similar phenomenon may be seen in sea-waves crossing each other on the shore. Sometimes they reinforce each to double the size and sometimes they cancel each other





ELECTRONS BEHAVING LIKE WAVES

A beam of electrons has been passed through a thin film of gold. Like all metals, gold consists of very small crystals. The regular arrangement of atoms in the crystals produces interference effects, just as with X-rays (G. P. Thomson)

But there is still an absolute distinction between object and subject. This enables the subject to discover sequences of events in the objective world he is observing. He can find laws which will indicate how a given cause will have a certain kind of effect: the law of causality will hold.

But in the science of the atom, of Bohr and Heisenberg, object and subject cannot be separated. If the subject is always interfering with the objective world, so that he can never, as it were, see the objective world as it really is, he cannot find closely-knit sequences of cause and effect in what he is observing. Thus the laws of causality do not strictly apply to the world of individual atoms. In the nature of things there is always a degree of uncertainty.

Since the beginning of human consciousness experience with common objects has led to the growth of the ordinary ideas of space, time and causal law. These came to perfect expression through the mind of Newton. He was the perfection of common sense.

The unfamiliar objects of the big and the little require a new set of rules for their description. You find that if you try to describe the behaviour of atoms in ordinary space and time, then you have to qualify all your delineations with an element of uncertainty, or fuzziness at the edges—the photographic portraiture of the atoms is inevitably out of focus. Or if you insist on describing the behaviour of atoms by causal laws expressed in mathematical language, then you are forced to deny the urge to try to represent it by pictures in space and time. The details of atomic behaviour are unseeable, but predictable by mathematics.

LIMITED KNOWLEDGE IS BETTER THAN UNLIMITED CONCEIT

Many persons are unhappy about this situation. They feel that the foundations of the universe have been loosened, that beneath the phenomena of daily life, chaos rules, and chance governs all. Even if this were so, it cannot be too energetically explained that it does not affect the surface of the phenomena of daily life, and we live in the surface. All common objects, such as men and bricks, consist of millions and millions of atoms. These may be jumping about individually in all kinds of ways, according to rules in which $A \times B$ is not equal to $B \times A$. But in the aggregate of millions, the vagaries of individuals cancel out, and all together they form one staid lump, obeying the ordinary laws of causality, space and time.

You will object that there is always the chance that all of the individual atoms in our brain or body might decide simultaneously to perform the same unpredictable antic. Doesn't this prove that science is essentially shallow? The answer, as Darwin has pointed out, is that the chance of a body departing noticeably from ordinary behaviour is so small that we should have to wait for a time quite fantastically longer than the estimated age of the universe for it to happen. The Principle of Uncertainty does not offer any practicable chance at all for the

escape of brains and bodies of our own size from the bonds of determinism. It does not re-establish the prestige of Free Will.

The humiliating effect of modern quantum theory on the unreflective is due to its demonstration that customary modes of thought cannot be extended to everything. It is flattering to human conceit to imagine that all things in heaven and earth are subject to familiar modes of thought.

But reflection should show that what has been achieved is really a much greater triumph than laying down the law for things of which one has no experience. By sacrificing familiar modes of thought the human intellect has discovered laws governing phenomena outside the realm of common experience. It has found, too, that nature operates within the limitations of definite quanta, or packets of things. This means that Nature is much simpler than might have been expected, and therefore we have a better chance than we might have imagined of mastering it, and turning it to our uses. The sub-universe of atoms may be chaotic, but it is not unreasonable. If we are willing to invent new mathematical languages we find we can describe it logically. The new ideas may seem bizarre at first, but we shall soon accept them as normal, just as we shall or do with the new ideas brought forth in painting, music, architecture, politics, and war.

Modern quantum theory does not suggest that the foundations of Nature are dotty, nor that the Almighty has presented us with a cruel joke. As Einstein says: 'Raffiniert ist der Herr Gott, aber boshaft ist Er nicht', or, in American, 'God is slick, but He ain't mean'.

SAILING THROUGH THE UNSEEABLE IN THE SHIP OF MATHEMATICS

C. H. Waddington, in 'Life from a New Angle' (No. 4 in this series), has described how biologists are transferring their attention from the ordinary aspects of living things to the way in which they work. They are ceasing to stare at things, and beginning to probe processes, and life is conceived as a system in dynamic equilibrium, rather than a stately arrangement of cellular bricks.

Modern physics is going in the same direction. Attemps to visualise what happens in the atomic world are ceasing. A new pride is growing in the extraordinary fact that human beings should be able to invent a mathematical language which will perfectly describe things inconceivable to the pictorial imagination. Some mathematicians have concluded that the world must have been created by a Mathematician, because some of the things that have recently been found out about it can only be described by mathematics.

It is true that Jehovah spoke Hebrew, and Zeus Greek, but oughtn't this rather to put us on our guard against those who now say that God is a Mathematician?

In the meantime we can get on with the voyage into the Unseeable, negotiating obstacles and blasting enemies, like a night pilot flying blind, with nothing more than mathematics and instruments to depend on. It is greater to be master of the night than the day.

Previous articles in this series:—1941, June, 'Threshold of a New Age' by Herbert Read; July, 'Transformation in Science' by Professor J. D. Bernal, F.R.S.; August, 'Painting and Sculpture' by E. H. Ramsden; September, 'Life from a New Angle' by C. H. Waddington, Sc.D.; October, 'The New Groundwork of Architecture' by John Summerson; November, 'Matter, Form, Evolution and Us' by Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S.; December, 'Man—The Anachronism' by Dr. Edward Glover, M.D. 1942, January, 'The Revolution in Literature' by Kathleen Raine; February, 'Helter-Skelter Universe' by J. G. Crowther. Back Numbers, December, January and February, 1s. 6d., August, September, October and November, 1s. 3d., June and July, 1s. each, from all bookstalls or direct from the publishers, Hulton Press Ltd., 43-44, Shoe Lane, E.C.4.

What of Mecca?

As the shadow of war moves Eastward, threatening Arabia and the approaches to India itself, the eyes of the world's 210,000,000 Mohammedans are turned, perhaps more anxiously than at any other time in history, upon their Holy City of Mecca, lying just across the Red Sea from Port Sudan.

The most striking example of Mohammedan determination to keep vigorously alive the influence of the ancient faith is, of course, the Pilgrimage. Every year hundreds of thousands journey to Mecca from far and near, from Europeanised Cairo, from the desert camps of Arabia, from the plains of India, to pay homage to the Prophet and achieve the moment of their lives.

Pilgrimage is not exclusively a religious experience: it has social and economic implications. Mostly desert, with little water and little cultivation, the Hejaz district is economically dependent on the Pilgrimage. Every pilgrim, however poor he may be, considers it his duty to help his poor brethren. Wandering about the market places one sees salesmen disposing of their wares for three or four times their cost. The pilgrims make no complaint: they are ready to pay the high charges because of their desire to help the less fortunate.

The courtyard of the mosque at Medina, burial place of Mohammed. The first photograph ever taken there

Pilgrimage is no haphazard event, but usually a carefully organised journey with all the planned detail of the Continental holiday tour which Britons made in peacetime. There are, for instance, officials who arrange for the reception of pilgrims. A sort of advance guard, they acquire houses and prepare them to accommodate pilgrims from their own countries. There are also some 3,000 'Mutawifs', who belong to an important profession. They collect Government taxes from pilgrims and carry out all formalities on their behalf. Chief 'Mutawif' is Sheikh el Harassani.

Pilgrims gather in three chief places: the Kaaba Mosque, the Mount of Arafat, and at Mena.

The Mount of Arafat, or 'Mountain of Mercy', is where, according to legend, Adam first received Eve after they had been expelled from Paradise and separated for 120 years.

A sermon delivered on Arafat is one of the special events of the Pilgrimage. Rich pilgrims encamp in white tents while their servants distribute coffee, tea and other refreshments, and freshly-killed meat. All pilgrims wear white robes and carry white umbrellas.

At Mena is performed the ceremony of stoning the Devil. Pilgrims stay three days, casting 21 stones each day against Satan, who, they say, has made them perform misdeeds. The Pilgrimage is ended after the visit to Mena and the pilgrims return to Mecca. So that the trade of the Holy City is kept busy the pilgrim must remain three further days in Mecca. Then he may set out on his journey home and wind around his head the green turban which marks him out to his co-religionists as a Haji, or one who has made the Pilgrimage.

MARK HOWLEY

The Red Cross Past and Present

Two Continental experts describe what it really means. While Dr. W. Schutz deals more with past achievements, Dr. George Mikes presents the picture of today's vast organisation

The Swiss General Dufour. Presided at signing of first Red Cross Convention at Geneva, 22nd August 1864

I. It began at Geneva

By Dr. W. SCHUTZ

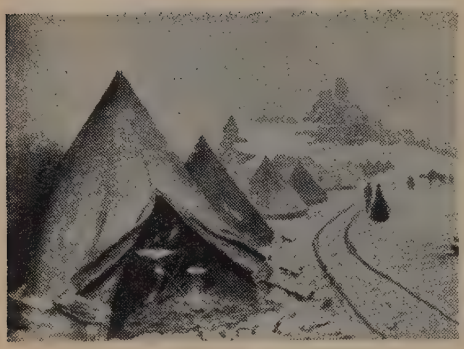
DURING the hot days of June 1859 thousands of soldiers lay dying on the yellow grass of the North Italian plain—on the battlefield of Solferino. Only a short time before Florence Nightingale had pursued her humanitarian activities in the Crimea; now the movement had arrived which should inspire Henry Dunant with an ideal, equally lofty in conception, but of much vaster implications—the International Red Cross.

It so happened that Dunant, a Swiss member of the recently formed Young Men's Christian Association, was at Solferino on the very day that the battle was decided. But he cared little on which side victory lay. He cared little what was at stake on either side. He merely saw wounded soldiers crying out for water; dying men stammering the names of their wives and children. Then and there this ordinary, single-minded man realised that four major principles must be adopted and translated into action, if war were to lose some of its greater horrors.

First of all, it was not sufficient to leave to occasional helpers the care of the wounded and dying. A proper organisation was necessary to carry out this vital duty of mankind. Second, it had to be recognised that soldiers, once wounded and disabled, ceased to be fighting men. In their treatment there should be no discrimination as between friend and foe. Third, the personnel and equipment of the doctors and nurses, of the hospitals, the hospital ships and the ambulances, were to be immune from attack. Fourth, the next-of-kin of prisoners or killed must be informed.

On these principles, only five years after Dunant's experience at Solferino, the International Red Cross was founded.

The organisation established itself at Geneva, on Swiss soil, under the protection of Switzerland—or, rather, under the protection of mankind. Today, every nation enjoys the benefits of Dunant's work. Sixty-four States are signatories to the Red Cross, and they



THE CRIMEA. *The journalist Russell writes to* The Times *His exposé led to Florence Nightingale and the Red Cross*

FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR. *One of the first examples of the work of the Red Cross. A 'parlementaire' crossing the Prussian lines under the Red Cross flag*

have established national centres that comprise forty million members.

What has happened to Dunant himself? What has happened to one of the greatest benefactors of humanity, the great banker, the man who had been in the limelight—the guest of kings—for so many years? In May 1867 he went bankrupt. When, years later, somebody inquired in Geneva—yes, in Geneva!—for his address, he was told that nothing was known about him and that he must be dead. But Dunant was not dead: he was living in an almshouse—penniless and obviously forgotten. In 1901, however, he shared the Nobel Peace Prize. The gratitude of humanity came much too late. He never left his tiny room again, and when he died in 1910 he left all his riches to charities.

The American Red Cross, too, was born under strange and romantic circumstances. On the battlefields of the New World, Clara Burton, a girl-clerk of the Washington Patent Office, was ministering angel of the wounded soldiers. In the Civil War she fought heroically for the wounded, not only against a great many American officers, who, in the fierceness of the battles, were perhaps a little slow to appreciate the humanitarian efforts of an enthusiastic girl, but she fought also *on* the battlefields. 'Follow the cannon,' was her slogan, and it happened more than once that she advanced with the troops in the face of withering fire. She was present wherever suffering and danger were the greatest. At Antietam a man was killed in her arms and the bullet passed through her sleeve.

Let us return to today's Geneva. The Genevans themselves provided the central organisation with the building of the Museum 'Rath', in addition to the Palais du Conseil General. The work imposed by the present war is so great that about four times more administrative space is needed than in 1914–18. The staff has increased from about 1,200 to 4,800. Three thousand are working in Geneva, and the rest have offices in twenty Swiss towns.

The work of the Red Cross has been much complicated in the present war by the interruptions of communications and the immense number of prisoners. Machinery has had to be enlarged at a moment's notice. Countries have been swallowed by expanding Nazism and innumerable families have been divided. The May and June of 1940 not only

saw large parts of the French army streaming into prisoners' camps but also the communication between England and Switzerland—via Holland, Belgium and France—broken off. The only free port on the Atlantic coast was Lisbon.

The Portuguese postal facilities were never intended to cope with a task so stupendous as the handling of all the communications between Britain and the remaining neutrals on the Continent—apart from the Balkans and Sweden. Letters and parcels intended for prisoners of war accumulated in the Portuguese post offices, and when they were finally dispatched from Lisbon they could be taken no further than the Spanish frontier. And the Spanish trains to which they were then transferred could take them no further than the French frontier, where again they had to be transferred. Eventually the British Red Cross chartered a number of ships and established a regular Red Cross service round the coast of Spain, connecting Lisbon with Marseilles. These ships sail under the ægis of the International Red Cross.

The matter is further complicated by the shifting of populations, on a scale hitherto unknown in history, for it is the task of the Red Cross to establish the whereabouts of all the nationals of all the countries that are its members. But there is one category that is without the protection either of a country or the Red Cross. It comprises the political exiles, refugees and *émigrés* who had to leave their countries of origin before the War, and lost their own nationality, without acquiring that of their adopted country. Thousands of these most unfortunate people have been interned.

Apart from these unfortunates, the Red Cross has the acknowledged right to see that living conditions in camps are adequate. Its chosen Swiss representatives visit every camp at least four times a year. They have the unchallengeable right to speak to each prisoner, without the presence of witnesses. They may make personal representations to the Camp Commandants and, when the circumstances warrant it, refer complaints to Geneva, so that they can be discussed with the governments concerned. The latter procedure has so far proved comparatively satisfactory, and improved conditions have resulted.

One of the important aims of the Red Cross is to ensure the safety of non-combatants and wounded threatened by total warfare; and the establishment has been suggested of Red Cross towns for the wounded; perhaps even zones of safety for women, children and the aged. This is a human rejoinder to the inhuman form of total warfare that the enemy of mankind has inaugurated.

II. If Lt. Smith wants a toothbrush

By Dr. GEORGE MIKES

What happens to John Smith if he is captured by the Germans? Soon after he was captured—let us say in France or in Greece—or was rescued from the sea—or was shot down with his plane which had just bombed Berlin, he would arrive at

Letters to and from prisoners of war. Card index files at Geneva

a German prison-camp. Should he be an officer he would be sent to the Oflag; should he be a private or an N.C.O., he would go to the Stalag. These mysterious German words are abbreviations: the former means 'Officers' Camp', the latter a base camp. If Smith is an airman, he is sent to the Stalag Luft. But he also may be temporarily sent to the Dulag (a transfer camp), or to the Front Stalag, which is a camp in France. The Germans —as they always do—have built up an immense organisation, but they do not stick to their own principles rigidly. It often happens that officers are sent to the Stalag and *vice versa.*

John Smith—let us say Lieutenant Smith—first of all has to undergo many official formalities. The Germans ask a great many questions and then send Smith's personal details—via Geneva—to London. This is the duty of all belligerent states, and as in this case the Germans are afraid of retaliation, they respect the rules of international law. The German list is sent to the War Office through the 'Protecting Power', and Lieutenant Smith's family is notified that he is missing. The International Red Cross in Geneva gets the same list and notifies the British Red Cross, who send the Smith family a pamphlet, describing how parcels can be sent to the prisoners.

His arrival at the prison-camp, the new environment, and the events of the first few days, naturally keep Lt. Smith's mind busy. But after these first days he faces the boring and monotonous life of prisoners of war. Soon he realises what he must already have heard from his fellow-prisoners, that the food—to put it mildly—is lacking in variety. His ration is ten ounces of bread per day; for breakfast half litre *ersatz* coffee; for lunch soup and potatoes; for supper soup and potatoes, or meat and potatoes, or cheese, or sausage with *ersatz* coffee. And so it goes on every day. Only Sunday brings a little change. Then he may, perhaps, get cheese, or some jam.

Before Lt. Smith reaches the state when the mere name of *ersatz* coffee, or

the smell of potatoes drives him to despair, he receives his first Red Cross parcel. He almost certainly finds these things in it: army biscuits, cheese, chocolate, a tin of herrings, dried fruit, margarine, a tin of roast beef, a tin of steak and kidney pudding, a tin of milk, a tin of syrup, some sugar, tea, jelly, meat paste, Ovaltine, sweets, and soap.

Lt. Smith will ask himself: how is it possible that in spite of today's difficult postal circumstances, the Red Cross has already managed to send a parcel to him? The answer to this is, that the parcel has actually not been sent to him. Food parcels from the British and Dominions Red Cross Societies are sent off regularly to Geneva, and thence to the camp captains for distribution to the men—one parcel per man per week, irrespective of rank. They are not addressed to individuals for several reasons. First, the prisoners are often shifted from one camp to another; secondly, if part of a consignment of parcels is lost, the remainder can be divided between the camps; thirdly, because nearly all the parcels contain the same; and finally, that the new prisoners should be able to get parcels at once.

Soon after Lieutenant Smith's arrival—certainly within a few weeks—the International Red Cross Committee will visit the camp. The members of the Committee will ask how he feels and whether he has any special complaint or wish? If he does not get his letters, the Committee will do their best to see that he gets them; if parcels have got lost, the Committee will try to find them; if he has not got a toothbrush, the Committee will arrange that he should be supplied with a toothbrush.

The British Red Cross and St. John War Organisation is the source of nearly all the varied supplies sent to British prisoners of war. In addition to food, tobacco and medical supplies, parcels—of which over four million had been sent by the end of January 1942—the quarterly parcels of underclothing and comforts that next-of-kin are permitted to send are checked, repacked and supplemented where necessary.

The greatest enemy of a prisoner of war is boredom. In his fight against boredom the Red Cross is the war-prisoners' most powerful ally. Lt. Smith will get plenty of novels, educational books, thrillers or scientific literature—in fact, whatever he wants to study, from window-dressing to oriental philosophy. Books on radio and wireless are forbidden, so are modern maps. But the Red Cross has set up and maintained huge libraries in every prison camp.

In addition to reading, Lieutenant Smith will be able to play darts, or chess, or cards. The Red Cross has recently sent instruments for a whole orchestra to one of the camps, and nearly every camp has its own dance band.

And perhaps we may be allowed to add to these statistics that ten millions of tears have been dried and fifty million sighs have been turned into smiles.

St. John ambulance used in London at end of 19th century

France's Fourth Estate

by NIKE YOURIEVITCH

An outspoken criticism of France's Press before the fall by Nike Yourievitch, who was London correspondent of Marianne

BEFORE the great twilight descended upon the French Press with the collapse of France herself the French were in the forefront of the world's journalism. Paris held the undisputed position of being the greatest news-reading and news-printing centre in all the continents. Paris itself could claim eighteen major daily newspapers, one of them with the largest circulation in Europe.

In every way high, the French literary standard was perhaps highest in journalism. Key features of the newspaper contents were signed articles, and dramatic and literary *critiques* contributed by the greatest writers. Characteristic were the *feuilletons*, i.e. serial stories, and also short stories.

The French public was a publisher's dream of the ideal consumer. Nowhere could there be found a more avid demand for news. The Frenchman did not rest content with one newspaper, but carefully analysed the contents of the three or four which he bought every day! Even school children gravely purchased their particular favourites. In cafés there always hung long racks of the most popular papers. And, gathered round the marble-topped tables, logical Frenchmen would dissect news and debate views.

If the literary merits of the French Press were high, political consciousness was even greater. Indeed, so closely linked to politics was French journalism that all objective reporting was lost. Most newspapers were controlled by groups of interested parties who used public opinion for their own ends. Most Ministers began their careers in the Press and rose through its power. The most famous example was Clemenceau, to whom was attributed the observation that with good pen and paper one could be king of the world.

Actually, it was France's greatest political intriguer, the Cardinal Richelieu, who was the virtual founder of the Press. It was under his patronage that French journalism began in 1631, with the publication of the weekly *Gazette*. Richelieu was not loath to contribute to this organ, and drafted most of the foreign news himself. Even Louis XIII wrote short articles, which he sometimes took down to the printing office himself and watched being set up. The editor and printer of the *Gazette* was one Theophraste Renaudot, who willed the paper to his sons. Its modern successor was the *Journal Officiel*.

After the impetus given to newspapers by the Red Eminence, other papers made their appearance during the seventeenth century, the best known being the *Mercure de France*. This was the first to compile statistics, for the lack of which

the French Press of the time had been seriously handicapped.

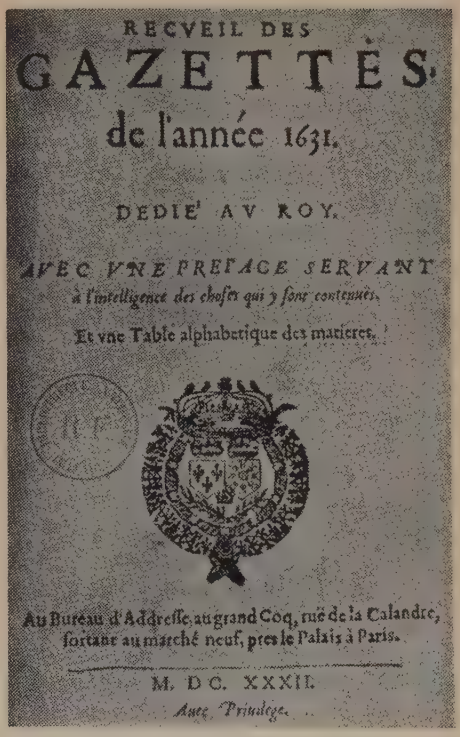
Napoleon held the Press in considerable respect. Though he kept a strict watch on all publications and censored and suppressed those which displeased him, he did not hesitate to use them to his advantage when the opportunity arose. Although he did not associate himself with any particular journal, his official views were interpreted in the *Moniteur* which was under the same management as the *Mercure*.

At the close of the nineteenth century the number of newspapers published in Paris was doubled. It was then that the Press divided itself into bitter factions. The *affaire* Dreyfus certainly gave the Press an opportunity to take a stand one way or the other. Later the main division was composed of Moderate Republican or Radical—Socialist adherents, with a leavening of Nationalist, Royalist and Bonapartist organs.

At the beginning of the twentieth century there came a big demand for more foreign and colonial news, and the Press was quick to satisfy this by the dispatch of special representatives who worked independently of the established news agencies.

The French Press was the first to achieve circulations in excess of a million copies. To boost circulation newspapers sometimes ran two serial stories by famous authors in the same issue, though the last war caused a considerable modification of this. Indeed during the war it was necessary for many of the papers to discontinue publication altogether because the entire staff was fighting, or because of the shortage of paper. A severe censorship also held sway, and so those papers which did appear were the virtual spokesmen of the Government.

In post-war years news gained more


RECVEIL DES
GAZETTES
de l'année 1631.
DEDIE' AV ROY.
AVEC VNE PREFACE SERVANT
à l'intelligence des choses qui y sont contenues.
Et vne Table alphabetique des matieres.
Au Bureau d'Addresse au grand Coq, ruë de la Calandre, sortant au marché neuf, pres le Palais à Paris.
M. DC. XXXII.
Auec Priuilege.

'The Gazette', France's first newspaper. Founded by Richelieu in 1631

prominence in such influential papers as *Le Petit Parisien*, *Le Petit Journal*, *Le Matin*, and *Le Journal*. The post-war years also saw the first signs of definite decay in a structure which had been magnificent. As political intrigue began to bore through the soul of France it manifested itself in the bitter struggles that contributed so greatly to the lowering of French journalistic morality. Although the Press had always had the reputation of being somewhat free with its ethics, never had it sunk to the depths which it reached after the *affaires* Salengro and Stavisky.

When the Left-Wing Government o Leon Blum assumed office in 1936 some three hundred daily and weekly newspapers began to bombard his Popular

Front. The weightiest shot was that fired by the weekly *Gringoire*, the reactionary journal owned by one-time *Prefet de Police* Chiappe. With venom *Gringoire* intoned repeatedly that Roger Salengro, Minister of the Interior in the Blum Government, had, during the Great War, deserted his post in the front line and ridden into German territory on a bicycle.

This feline cleverness gained great favour and soon Salengro was dubbed 'The Cyclist Salengro' by every reader of almost every paper. In desperation the Blum Government appointed a Court of Honour to clear the Minister's name. Heading the Court was the Chief of the General Staff, Marie Gustave Gamelin. After a much publicised inquiry Salengro was cleared of the charge by virtue of extenuating circumstances. *Gringoire* did not let the matter drop so easily, and after the acquittal continued the satirising of 'The Cyclist'. A fortnight later the Minister committed suicide, and precipitated a nation-wide outcry.

All the papers of the Left immediately began castigating those organs of the Right which had 'murdered' the Minister of the Interior. The hue and cry of a 'Fascist Press' rang throughout the length and breadth of the land. Premier Blum proposed a law which would make it necessary for all publications to declare publicly the sources from which they derived their income. This meant that the Premier's own organ, *Le Populaire*, would have to print that its funds were mainly derived from the Socialist Party, while *Action Française* would have to reveal its Royalist, and *L'Humanité* its Communist financing.

Corruption did not confine itself to the political sphere. Poorly paid for the most part, French journalists had many temptations. On the less scrupulous papers critics were offered money to write a favourable review; and reporters were bribed to 'forget' facts.

In an attempt to restore the crumbling foundation of professional integrity the S.N.J., or union of journalists, drew up a 'Code of Professional Honour' which was designed to save what vestige of dignity remained. Under this Code a journalist must:

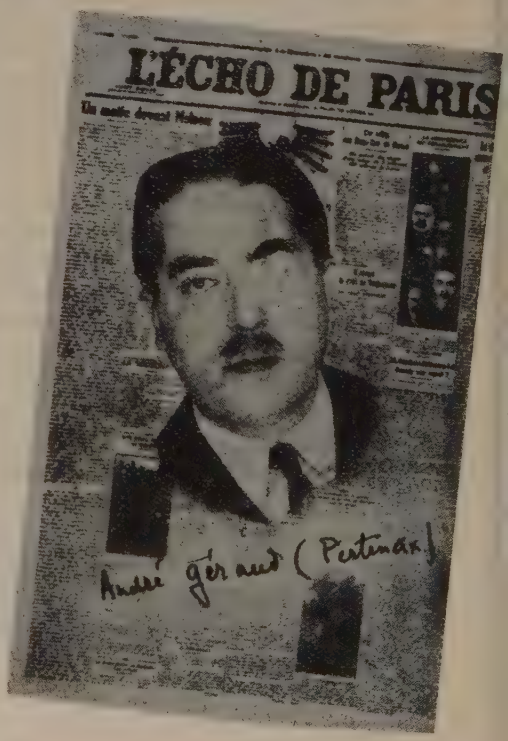
1. Take entire responsibility for all articles published under his signature or 'nom de guerre'.

2. Regard calumny, accusations without proof, alteration of documents, misinterpretation and forgery as the gravest professional misdemeanours.

3. In questions of professional honour recognise only one law, that of the Council of Discipline, under whose jurisdiction he must always remain, even after a decision of the courts.

4. Only accept assignments compatible

Pertinax superimposed upon his paper 'L'Echo de Paris'



with his dignity as a journalist and in keeping with the Code.

5. Refuse to resort to false titles or callings, or to any other unfair means to obtain information or documents.

6. Refuse to accept any gratuities or bribes.

7. Refuse to sign his name or pseudonym to advertising copy or financial prospectuses.

8. Give acknowledgment to those whose material he might use.

9. Avoid displacing a fellow journalist or provoking his dismissal by offering to take his place at lower pay.

10. Keep professional secrets, even in a court of law.

11. Never turn the freedom of the Press to his own ends.

12. Take full responsibility for the information which he gathers, refuse to permit it to be printed under his name if it has been distorted; scrupulously observe the integrity of documents and of facts, concern himself only with actual events, and observe justice towards those about whom he writes; and not regard himself as a policeman.

With these regulations to guide them, French journalists surveyed the facts with Gallic cynicism. With eighty per cent of the French Press subsidised from private or Government sources, it was difficult to be idealistic when realism was so pointedly applied everywhere. However, corruption did not in any way affect the quality of the matter.

One of the most astute of the political writers was 'Pertinax'—the pen-name of André Charles Joseph Geraud, monocled and cosmopolitan chronicler of diplomacy. He was reputed to know more about what took place in the Quai d'Orsay than the Cabinet itself. On several occasions he disconcerted ministerial scoffers by proving to be right. A motto attributed to him was 'Each nation for itself, and all for France'.

At one time with the *Echo de Paris*, he became in 1938 editor of *l'Europe Nouvelle*, which he transformed into a potent and purposeful political and diplomatic weekly. He also contributed frequently to *l'Ordre*.

After the collapse of France he came to England in company with Mme Tabouis and a party of French diplomats. Pétain signed the order for his arrest and he was the first French journalist whose property was seized by Vichy and sold.

In company with André Maurois he sailed for the United States, where he awaits the latest developments in the tragedy of France at which he had so often hinted.

Once the most widely-read journalist in Europe and one of the few to call forth public remarks from Adolf Hitler, Genevieve Tabouis was one of the greatest attractions on *l'Oeuvre*. With an omniscient assurance this little woman glibly predicted events. She was reputed to have an informant in every chancellery.

When France fell Tabouis escaped to the United States where her articles roused the interest of the American Press. Early this year it was announced that a Free French newspaper had been started in New York. *Pour La Victoire* would consecrate itself to a revival of French liberty. Included on its editorial board was Genevieve Tabouis, formerly of *l'Oeuvre*, which in France was now voicing the tenets of the New Order under the direction of its owner, Marcel Deat.

Also a political exile in New York is fiery Rightist Henri de Kerillis, who joined the editorial board of *Pour La*

Victoire. In the last war de Kerillis was an ace in the French Air Force, became a Nationalist Deputy and led the powerful Right-wing propaganda organisation which was closely associated with Tardieu.

Trenchant in his attacks on political opponents, he all but incited his readers in *L'Echo de Paris* to murder Herriot. Strongly anti-Communist, he was a Franco sympathiser in the Spanish Civil War. But although pro-Fascist, he was anti-Nazi, and accused Otto Abetz before the war of being the head of a German spy system. In policy Henri de Kerillis was a severe critic of his colleague 'Pertinax'. Though at times embarrassingly outspoken, he achieved a reputation for honesty which was respected even by his enemies—and they were many.

French journalism lost one of its greatest figures when Elie-J. Bois died in this country. Formerly editor of *Le Petit Parisien*, he severed his connection with the paper when, on the fall of France, he was asked to sign a document to the effect that he had followed a personal policy as editor. He was a friend and supporter of Briand and collective security.

With its ablest writers and editors scattered French journalism today is a hollow mockery of even its former corruptness. Papers with respected names are now carrying on the somewhat difficult task of telling the French public that they have been misled for years. Those papers which are printed in occupied France are under the direct supervision of the German authorities. Not much better is the case of those in unoccupied France, where they print only what rigid censorship permits.

Marianne, the Radical-Socialist weekly, now published in Clermont-Ferrand, was suspended for three months on the charge of attempting to counter the anti-British campaign of *Gringoire*, its biggest rival. Before the war *Marianne* displayed some of the finest talent in France. Famous were its *photo-montages* satirising political figures. Although now strictly supervised by the Vichy Government, *Marianne* still retains a spark of its old flame.

The weekly *Gringoire* is the most notably anti-British of the journals published in unoccupied France. Formerly owned by Chiappe, it has now become the occasional sounding box of Darlan.

Another paper which attempts to carry on its ironical rebellion is *Figaro*, once owned by Coty, the perfume millionaire.

Since the Franco-German Armistice many of France's most famous newspapers have performed most agile *volte-faces*. In Paris itself those opportunists who thought that they could gain more through co-operation with the Germans lost no time in placing themselves at the disposal of the invaders and even turned savagely on their countrymen in the unoccupied zone. Foremost among these men was Jean Luchaire, Director of the *Nouveaux Temps*—significant title!—who became President of the Parisian Press—a position which he owed solely to his associations with Abetz.

France's and the Continent's largest newspaper, *Paris-Soir*, with a pre-war circulation of over 2,000,000 copies, is now being printed by the Germans in the Rue du Louvre. The owner, Jean Prouvost, now publishes a second edition of *Paris-Soir* in Limoges, in unoccupied territory.

Dismembered and at odds with itself, the French Press is today a tragic example of what can happen to a country where freedom of expression is stamped out.

Stepson of Fate

by PAUL TABORI

Cervantes had neither peace nor wealth all through his life. He was fifty-eight before he wrote Don Quixote, *after a life of surprising adventures*

STEPCHILDREN are great favourites in folk-tales. After great trials and sufferings they achieve final triumph, the laurel of victory around their heads. Snow White and Cinderella are everlasting examples of unbroken optimism. And the heritage of folk-tales has been passed on in more progressive times to the novel. Happy endings are sometimes not only reassuring conclusions, blissful compromises which not even a Dickens could resist, but a glorification of human strife and endeavour.

And yet world literature has a very great stepson to whom God granted a full measure of talent and from whom Life stole everything. Life is not always a novel, and very seldom a folk-tale. It is a merciless and freakish tyrant, distributing favours and blows without rhyme or reason. It cares little if its favours sometimes turn out to be blows, and blessings follow its heavy tribulations. Its favourite children sometimes stumble into misfortune, its stepchildren find strength in trouble, not breaking but growing and straightening under the hammer. Life does not trouble about such things; it walks its own path, never rendering accounts to anybody, only obeying perhaps an irresistible Power whose existence it does not even suspect. Everybody knows the name at least of the greatest stepson of world literature—he was called Cervantes, or to give him his full name, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

It is a strange coincidence that he died on April 23, 1616, the very day when the best-favoured child of world literature, William Shakespeare, passed into eternity. But Cervantes had had seventeen more years of life than the Swan of Avon.

Their lives were sharply contrasted. Shakespeare's life was divided between London and Stratford; to all outward appearances it was as quiet and peaceful as that of any other burghers. Playwriting and the acquisition of wealth were more or less in harmony during his whole career. Cervantes had neither peace nor wealth all through his life. The existence of the author of the most

Don Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, by Daumier

fascinating adventure story was a long and varied series of adventures—a breath-taking and pulse-quickening novel. One might suppose that a man who was such a rare subject for a story himself would be unable to write a novel. Someone whom life was torturing and driving at such a pace would never be able to reach the tense and fertile point of conception and idea where poetic talent collects, as in a huge lens, the dispersed, colourful rays of life into unity. The champions of life are not the elect of art. Achilles was the hero—Homer was the man who sang of him. But there are exceptions. Dostoievski and Cervantes were such exceptions.

The father of Cervantes could trace his descent for five hundred years and there was royal blood in his veins. He had four children and not a penny. He was a real Spaniard: at once a distinguished gentleman and a miserable beggar. But in spite of this Miguel studied at the University of Salamanca, and Cardinal Acquaviva took him to the Court of the Vatican when he was sent there as Ambassador. Twenty-two year-old Cervantes was little content with this position. At Naples he joined the army and was shipped to Messina to fight under the sign of the cross against the Turk. He was twenty-three when he took part in the famous battle of Lepanto, and although he was wasted by fever, he stubbornly demanded to be placed at the most dangerous post. He was wounded twice in the chest, a bullet shattered his left arm. But the next year he rejoined the army, and at the age of twenty-six he fought under the command of Don John of Austria against the pirates of Tunis. Together with his brother Rodrigo he spent six years of his life almost exclusively on men-o'-war, far from his country, and when he asked for his discharge and was returning with his honourable wounds and valuable letters of recommendation to Spain, pirates ambushed the ship, the two Cervantes brothers were captured with the rest and they were sold as slaves in Algiers.

Five years of slavery! This is the second great chapter of the romantic and troubled life of Cervantes. His restless soul, his alert brain worked even in slavery only on the means of escape—onthe way of becoming a free man again.

The others were ransomed one after the other; Miguel's father sold his last possessions at home—but the Pasha of Algiers declared that 'for such a paltry sum' he would release only one of the

brothers. Miguel begged his brother to go home—and he stayed behind.

In the meantime he organised conspiracies, incited his fellow-sufferers to insurrection, planned revolution—he was sentenced four times to death, but always escaped. He was locked up in horrible African dungeons, until, after five long years, his ransom arrived and he could sail home.

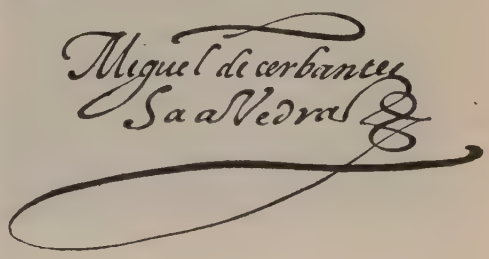
He was thirty-three years of age—and a nobody in Spain. He had to continue where he had left off—in the army. He married a distinguished lady whose whole dowry was her lovely long name: Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano, together with five vines, an orchard, some household furniture, four beehives, forty-five hens and chickens, one cock and a crucible. They lived happily, apart from those months which Cervantes had to spend in the debtors' prison. He began to write *Don Quixote* in prison. He was fifty-eight when the first part of the novel was published. At forty-eight Shakespeare had stopped writing. But Cervantes had to live long, for Life, his great step-mother, had robbed him of much time.

He remained a poor man even after the great success of his book, and had to defend the famous *Don Quixote* against thieves and plagiarists. In 1614 a spurious second part of *Don Quixote* was published —for the fashion of the age demanded that heroes of novels had to be taken to their death-beds. The pseudo-Cervantes, whose name was Avellaneda, made a cruel attack on the real Cervantes in his preface to this second part—and the veteran soldier had to sit down, a sick and old man, to write the real ending to his masterpiece.

Life's stepson said farewell to a happiness and gaiety which never forsook him. His unbroken good humour, his joy in life and his confidence had taken him fifty years earlier into the army. Don Quixote's creator always remained something of a soldier. The two sacraments of soldiers—women and horses—were changed in the miraculous imagination of Cervantes into Dulcinea and Rosinante.

Dulcinea may have a counterpart in literature—Bottom with the head of an ass with whom the queen of the fairies fell in love. But Rosinante is unequalled and unsurpassed. The horse of Don Quixote is just as immortal as the Knight of La Mancha himself. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are of equal rank with the other immortals who were not born of woman but of the brain of a man and who can never die—perhaps because they never lived.

But Cervantes, the immortal and eternal artist, remained a stepson of fate even after his death. Spain planned to celebrate the third centenary of his death with the greatest pomp and devotion—but its date, 1916, fell in the midst of a great world conflagration. The brilliant festivals had to be cancelled. Shakespeare had more luck in this respect. Great Britain and her allies celebrated his third centenary in due form. Even the Central Powers, although enemies, had their own celebrations. But Cervantes, the greatest and most popular writer of a neutral country, the creator of symbols, the eternal companion—he was robbed of the posthumous honours and had to remain in the shadow of oblivion. He was indeed a stepson!



THE victory of the Progressives in the London County Council election was a very brilliant and a very satisfactory piece of work. Here there was no leap in the dark, or more or less tricky wire-pulling, but a plain straightforward issue fought out fairly to the end. The Moderates were simply whipped out of the field, and it must be admitted that they richly deserved their defeat. Their array of candidates was beneath contempt, they had neither principles nor leaders, nor inspiring enthusiasm. Their opponents had every advantage that a party could enjoy, including the opposition of *The Times* and three-fourths of the London papers. As a result, the Progressives simply romped in, and the municipal socialists do not as yet know whether they are standing on their heads or their heels. The stern logic of events will soon correct any extravagances in which they may be tempted to indulge, and in grappling with the immense arrears of work that is necessary to be undertaken before London is brought up, say, to the level of Glasgow, there is sufficient to keep the Progressive majority usefully employed until the close of the century. The result of the poll has been very salutary to the Thersites of Printing House Square and its *claque*.

THE individual, even when crowned and sceptred in Germany, has been somewhat rudely suppressed. In France the domination of the nonentities has secured the most conspicuous triumph in the ministerial crisis which made M. Loubet Prime Minister. The motive of the crisis was a desire to remove M. Constans, the one strong individuality in the Republic, from his seat in the Cabinet. The pretext chosen was a question connected with the relations of Church and State. The Roman Church is chiefly serviceable to the Republic as affording convenient opportunities for ministerial crises. To alter the personnel of an administration it is necessary to defeat the Government of the day upon some ostensibly public question. To discover such questions in the secular sphere of mundane policy might be inconvenient and even dangerous. It would be possible no doubt to overturn a Ministry on a vote as to the length of the nose of the man in the moon, but a certain respect must be paid to the decorum of political controversy. The Frenchman is nothing if not ingenious, and he has discovered in the relations of Church and State an endless series of convenient opportunities for creating crises whenever the hunger for portfolios grows acute, without in the least degree affecting the regular course of administrative routine. There is a debate, a division, a new Ministry, and then everything goes on exactly as before, neither Rome nor the Republic being a penny the worse.

THERE have been three Members expelled from the present House of Commons—an almost unprecedented occurrence. The anxiety to maintain a high standard of probity on the part of Members of Parliament has also found expression in the resolution of the House striking out the votes of three directors of the East African Company who voted in favour of a grant of £20,000 for a preliminary survey of the railway to the interior. Parliament cannot guard too closely the avenues by which its Members may be corrupted. One of the most satisfactory items of information received during the month was the crushing defeat of Mr. Mercier's Government in the Quebec Election. Mr. Mercier was accused of corruption, and he appealed to the province to support him against the interference of the Federal Government. The most sanguine Conservatives did not expect a majority of more than twenty, but they have a majority of thirty-eight, only seventeen Members being elected as supporters of the discredited Liberal leader. Mr. Mercier is likely to be prosecuted for stealing Provincial Funds, and even if he is spared that last indignity, the action of the constituencies can hardly fail to clear the air, and deter Canadian Ministers from yielding to such temptations.

4

SCIENCE FRONT

Dr. Hovde's article in the last number of this magazine gave some details about the organisation of scientific work in the United States in relation to the war.

No one who has watched the unemployed American driving to a relief job in an old Ford or Chevrolet will doubt America's capacity to solve the technical problems of production in quantity. That ingenuity and initiative has not disappeared. Here are a few recent examples of it which are going to play a part in this war of production.

MANGANESE

Nearly all high-grade steels include some manganese, say about 13 lb. per ton. Manganese itself is a brittle, rather useless metal, but when alloyed with steel, it has the useful property of combining with the last traces of sulphur, making little lumps of manganese sulphide, and preventing the formation of iron sulphide, which makes steel brittle. The United States has plenty of manganese ore, but it was mostly of a low grade which was impossible to work; the production last year was only 100,000 tons, about 10 per cent of the requirements. Recently the United States Bureau of Mines discovered how to concentrate the common oxide ore. It is ground, and mixed with a 'frother'—that is to say, with a substance which sticks to the ore particles but not to the rock. Then on stirring the mixture in water, the ore is floated off while the rock sinks to the bottom. The last step is to get the pure manganese out of the oxide ore. This is now being done with the cheap electricity generated at the great Boulder Dam in Nevada, where the ore happens to be handy; a current is passed through a solution of the oxide ore, and, by the well-known process of electrolysis, the pure metal accumulates at the negative pole and oxygen is given off at the positive. If the experimental plants give as good results as are expected, the United States will be able to fulfil all its own manganese requirements.

RUBBER

The United States has no rubber of its own. It used to import 90 per cent of it from British and Dutch possessions in the East, and get the rest mainly from the unorganised production of wild trees in South America. There are several native plants which produce some rubber, the most important being known as the quayule, of which the Department of Agriculture has just planted 45,000 acres in the desert country of the South-west, but it would take years to develop an adequate supply from that source. So synthetic rubber, or rubber substitutes, are going to be very important.

Rubber is a difficult substance to make artificially. It is not sufficient merely to persuade the right chemical atoms to combine in the correct grouping to make the rubber molecule; for the valuable physical properties of rubber depend on the fact that these molecules can stick together ('polymerise') to make long chains—and there are probably sideways links as well holding the chains together. In natural, and most of the artificial rubbers, the basic link in the chains is a molecule (called butadiene) with four carbon atoms linked in a row. In the earliest artificial rubber, there were two extra 'methyl' groups (each consisting of a carbon with three hydrogens) stuck on at the side. But this 'methyl' rubber, used by the Germans in the last war, was very unsatisfactory; lorries had to be jacked up overnight to prevent their tyres being permanently flattened.

In most modern synthetic rubbers there is either one extra methyl group, as there is in natural rubber, or none. The main tricks involved are the processes for getting the short link-molecules to polymerise into chains. The Germans originally did it with sodium—hence the name Buna, Bu for butadiene, Na the conventional symbol for sodium. The Americans have improved the process, partly by getting the raw butadiene from oil instead of coal, and partly by better polymerising tricks which depend on emulsifying the butadiene with soapy water. The great chemical firm of Du Pont make a rubber of their own, Duprene, which has a chlorine atom stuck on instead of the extra methyl. And several firms manufacture rubber substitutes in which the basic links in the chains are not butadiene at all. Thiokol, turned out by the Dow Chemical Company, has sulphur in the chain, and is useful for coating barrage balloons; and the polyvinyl chloride rubbers are used, among other things, for the transparent mackintoshes which make American women on a wet day look rather as though they had been packed for export.

So far the artificials, although better than natural rubber in some ways, are more expensive.

But the price will come down as production goes up. Last year America made about 12,500 tons this year she hopes to turn out 100,000 tons, about a sixth of her normal needs.

LIGNIN

THE American magazine *Time*, whose scientific reporting is on a level that very few English papers reach, has called lignin 'the greatest industrial waste on earth'. In fact, lignin is so little utilised that hardly anyone, except the professional scientist, is likely to know what it is. Actually it is the hard substance which toughens the wood of old trees. It has to be removed from wood pulp in the manufacture of paper; and as it makes up a quarter of the original weight of the wood, there is plenty of it—in the United States and Canada, about 3,000,000 tons a year.

Until recently it has been simply a nusiance. A little of it could be profitably turned into vanilla-essence, but even the American passion for ice-cream could not dispose of 3,000,000 tons of vanilla flavouring. But it has now been found possible to use it as a basis for making plastics. It is particularly suitable for laminated products, in which thin sheets of wood or cloth are glued together, under pressure, with lignin-derived glues—and then used for aeroplane bodies, etc. Moreover, lignin powders can be used to dilute other more orthodox plastics, and even synthetic rubbers. As plastics are already in short supply in America, and the expansion of synthetic rubber production an urgent necessity, lignin looks like turning from the greatest waste into a very useful raw material.

MAGNESIUM

A FEW years ago, magnesium, which is one of the commonest of metals in the earth's crust, was of little interest to any except the vain (photographers' flashbulbs) and the greedy (magnesia, Epsom salts); the pure metal cost about £1 a pound. Nowadays it makes incendiary bombs, its alloys go into every plane, and it costs only about 1s. a pound, and it will probably go into every car after the war.

The standard way of making it is by electrolysis from the magnesium chloride in salt lakes (e.g. the Dead Sea). The Dow Chemical Company, which does most of this work in America, started last year to get it out of the sea; their plant in Freeport, Texas, pumps in 12,000,000 gallons of sea-water a day, and extracts from it 50 tons of metal. Out west in California, they are using a rather more exciting process. The common hydroxide ore brucite, or the carbonate magnesite, turn into the oxide MgO if heated sufficiently. The trick is to heat them to about 3,800° F. in the presence of carbon, which takes off the oxygen, leaving vapourised magnesium; and a blast of gas cools this to the solid metal too fast (in about a thousandth of a second) for the oxygen to move back from the carbon to the magnesium. The hottish powdered magnesium so formed is highly explosive, but it is hoped that this can be cured by putting in with the gas an oily liquid which separates the grains, and can easily be removed later after the cooling is complete.

PETROL

AMERICAN oil chemists have beaten the plane designers; they can make a fuel which is too powerful for any present-day engine to use. The main problem in improving petrol is to get it to burn evenly in the cylinder, with a flame which spreads smoothly from one side to the other; if a secondary flame starts, the piston moves jerkily and the engine 'knocks' and power falls off. Until a short time ago, the best method was by doping it with tetra-ethyl lead.

Better dopes these days are the alkylates, compounds made from natural gas as it comes out the oilwells, or in petrol refining factories. Modern engines can stand a fuel of '100-octane' anti-knock rating. America can easily turn out 110-octane; but Germany, with little natural gas at its disposal, has difficulty in getting its fuel above 90-octane.

ALUMINIUM

ALUMINIUM (spelt and pronounced aluminum in the States) is, after steel, perhaps the most important metal for war machines, particularly planes. In the ordinary way the only ore from which it can be extracted is bauxite—and about a month before they came into the war, the United States, with the agreement of all concerned, except the Axis, sent a military force to guard its main source of supply in Dutch Guiana, on the north coast of South America. But aluminium is extremely common in unworkable forms. Ordinary clay contains a great deal. A new American process consists in treating clay with boiling hydrochloric acid, which removes some of the aluminium as chloride; this is precipitated as hydroxide, baked, and is then a rich alumina which can be electrolysed to produce the metal. The cost is reckoned to be about the same, or rather less, than the usual process relying on imported bauxite; and a trial factory is going into production using the cheap electrical power of the Tennessee Valley dams.

Cockaigne

by MICHAEL WITCOMB

Flat feet, a policy of constructive non-ablution and a good deal of precocious disillusion, were some of the characteristics of 'Stinker', yet he was a man of many accomplishments and a true citizen of Cockaigne

It wasn't very original of us to call him 'Stinker', but we had very concrete reasons for doing so. He had a policy of constructive non-ablution. Soap and water, he believed, were but superficial things. He had, besides, that unfortunate pallor which always looks dirty anyway; and he was the favourite victim of our Section Officer on the Ear-, Neck- and Feet-Inspections with which our lives were often complicated.

Most gunners have flat feet: Stinker's are probably the flattest in the British Army. He neither walked nor marched: he lolloped. His bandy legs and rounded shoulders gave an impression of ape-like strength that was contradicted by a long, thin body and an angular sensitive face. The chocolate eyes were those of a watchful terrier: there were grooves of precocious disillusion at the corners of his mouth. When he opened his mouth you knew him for a citizen of London. He was nineteen, and life had little more to teach him. He had learnt, earlier than most people, that the only real contentment in the world is got by lying in bed and doing damn-all.

'Worst thing abaht the Army,' he said, 'is you can't retire. Why can't they jus' give us our blinkin' medools and send us 'ome? Cor, I'd retire termorrer. Go to kip and smoke flickin' cigars I would. They told me the Army was a good job, the lyin' baskets. Told me we'd 'ave ruddy great steaks every day. Lay in kip all mornin' and get up for dinner . . .'

One of Stinker's saddest disappointments was when he applied for a transfer to aircraft-spotting. He'd seen a film showing a spotter reclining in a steel armchair scanning the heavens with binoculars. 'Smashin' job!' he'd thought. Then he discovered that he'd got to learn the Lewis gun first . . .

'Jobs? I've 'ad some of them,' shrugged Stinker in one of his nightly sermons after 'lights out'. 'I was a 'od-carrier 'fore I come into the Army.'

'A what?'

''Od-carrier. *You* know!—buildin'. Like an architeck only not so 'igh. Yer carry twelve blinkin' bricks when the foreman's lookin' and eight when he ain't. You 'ave to use your loaf, see? 'S all right, only you don't want to do it more'n six munce a year. Then you chuck it and go back on the Labour. Good ol' Labour. Lead the life of a gent you can. Trouble is, they make you get up 'arf past ten to c'lect yer blinkin' dole.'

'What else have you been, Stinker?'

'Me? I bin everythink. I was a sausage-joiner once.'

I have encountered strange professions in the Army: the man next to me at my Medical was a doll's-eye varnisher dereserved): but nothing so specialised as this.

'I bet you've ett sausages what I tied togevver many a time,' went on Stinker seriously. 'I bin a currant-measurer too. Cor—' (yes, he really said Cor just like Nat Gubbins) '—that wasn't my best job, though. I like bein' a lift-man best. Makes yer feel you're gettin' on, y'know, takin' posh people up to the top. I once 'ad Ralph Lynn in my lift, I did. I could have done any ruddy thing I chose wiv 'em once they was in my lift. Useter take 'em straight froo the blinkin' roof if I didn't like their faces, I did! Still, I wouldn't mind 'aving *your* job, mate . . .' (addressing me). 'I could do that fine. Flickin' easy I call it, lyin' in bed scribblin' for the papers, 'avin' a kip when yer feel like it. Must have used yer loaf to get a soft job like that, mate!' he conceded admiringly. 'No wonder you're rollin' in ruddy rino!'

Stinker's estimate of my financial position was based on a bundle of cancelled cheques returned to me with my passbook: I never could persuade him that they weren't ready cash.

Dr. Johnson himself was not a more confirmed townsman than Stinker. He despised the country and country people. 'They're mean. You don't get closeness, not in London. Can't stand 'ow they talk,' he complained of certain rustics in our barrack-room. 'Can't get on wiv anyone as don't come from London.'

Our first camp, in Hampshire, bored him. 'Too many blinkin' trees,' he groused. So did our second camp, on the Welsh coast. 'Nuffin' but ruddy sea and mahntains.' So did our third camp in the Midlands: 'All them flickin' sheep!' he burst out in disgust. 'Gimme good ol' Bermondsey. Too ruddy quiet 'ere. I like to hear the trams. I never bin furver north than Watford. Big tahn, Watford.'

'Never mind, Stinker. We're off to Wales next week. Maybe you'll like it better.'

'Not me. I'll desert, I will. All them blinkin' Druids wiv long knives, burnin' yer at the stake? Coo!' he shivered with excitement. Stinker loves 'orrible things: Boris Karloff has no more loyal fan than he. 'Is Watford near Wales, then?'

'No, Stinker. Wales is by the sea. You'll get some swimming.'

'Me swim in the sea? Ruddy dangerous I call it. Good ol' Bermondsey-on-Thames. Useter swim from the Tower Bridge to Mortlake every blinkin' morning before breakfast and fink nuffin' of it. Useter dive orf the Tower Bridge as it was goin' up. Afletic, that's me. 'Sides, I *bin* to the sea,' he went on impatiently. 'Good ol' Sarfend! I wish we was billeted in the ol' Curse-All! Plenty of tarts, too. What's Welsh tarts like, mate?'

I ventured an opinion; but Stinker's wild imagination was at work.

'I've 'ad some smashin' women in my time,' he reminisced. 'Love 'em and leave 'em, that's me. Demon lover, see? Chinese, Japanese—'orizontal eyes, 'orizontal all over they are—Injun, Eytalian, all sorts. That's how I like 'em, chum. Lithe and *swarvy*. Brahn skin. Flashin' eyes. Spanish signorinas an' that. Phe-e-ew!'

This last sound, indicative of Stinker's utmost delight, was a long ecstatic intake of breath through pursed lips. Any picture of a film-star, a pretty girl in an advertisement, or the nudes in pocket-magazines, moved him so. If it wasn't 'Phe-e-ew' it was 'Well, perish my

guts!' uttered in mild amazement. His attitude towards life in general was one of unruffled wonder. Probably Stinker spent most of the London Blitz gaping at the sky and murmuring 'Perish my guts'; or—totally without rancour—'The *baskets!*'

When Stinker sees the Taj Mahal he will almost certainly exclaim 'Perish my guts' in just that way. For, having recently reached his twentieth birthday, he is eligible for Foreign Service, and is now on ten days' embarkation leave. By the time you read this he will be on the way to India, where he has been posted for two years, and where he believes he will find Red Indians. But there will be consolations, despite 'Too many blinkin' elephants' and 'nuffin' but ruddy foreigners.' 'Lithe and *swarvy* . . . brahn skin . . .' Yes, Stinker will find glamour at last. 'Phe-e-ew—smashin'!'

Inside Malta

by The Hon. CONSTANCE STRICKLAND

Miss Strickland's family has lived in Malta for centuries, and has Siculo-Norman and even Phœnican forebears. Her father, Lord Strickland, was at one time the Prime Minister

'La Faldetta' is still worn by most working-class women. The subject of several silly legends, it is obviously merely a conventionalised form of the ancient Phœnician dress

NEARLY a year and a half ago, when Italy entered the war, the first bombs were dropped on Malta, thus giving to this little island of a quarter of a million people the distinction of being the first place in the Empire, outside Britain itself, to be attacked from the air. During the preceding weeks Italian subjects had been leaving Malta for the mainland, and British nationals had been returning; an air of expectancy, if not of dread, had hung over all. And then, just at sunset on an early summer's evening, the first attackers came. It was terrific. Yet relief that it was not half so bad as we had expected was perhaps the most strongly-felt sensation. Our Maltese stone stood up well to the weapons of modern warfare; just as the ramparts in days of old had withstood the invaders of Islam. There was little or no danger of fire, at any rate, as all the walls and roofs are made of solid stone. So gradually the population settled down to the dismal banshee-like wail of the siren and to the enforced seclusion indoors. Presently night raids became more frequent, and on moonless nights the sky would become almost as bright as day with the light of parachute flares. Great would be the excitement of the watchers when an enemy plane was caught in the glare of searchlights, and then a stream of pink tracer bullets would swish up into the sky, accompanied by the roar of the *ack acks* and the *wumph* of exploding bombs. Many of the bombs used in the early days were not of such heavy calibre; and where these fell in fields they would penetrate the thin layer of rich soil which covers the island and burst harmlessly on the rock beneath; when they fell at night on the rock

In the country, on the road from Valetta to Attard and M'dina. Baroque aqueduct built by the French Grand Master Wignacourt, whose arms it bears

it seemed as if a huge flint had been struck.

On two occasions when the Germans made daylight attacks on the harbour defences there was a spectacle never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Watching from a roof four miles away it seemed as if one were sitting in the stalls of a cinema looking at the latest News Reel, so strong indeed was the sense of unreality about it all. At first, in the distance, the enemy bombers looked like mosquitoes swarming out of the sky; then one's heart stood still as wave after wave dived down into the terrific barrage.

Maltese stone is so soft that when quarried it can be hewn into shape with an axe, and many householders have dug their own shelters beneath their homes; others have only to dig connecting tunnels between old disused wells which in former days kept the family supplied with water both for house and garden. In Valetta the old railway tunnel has provided shelter for hundreds of homeless from badly bombed areas.

Malta is fortunate in having, as her Governor, General Sir William Dobbie, of the Royal Engineers. Under his leadership the people have learned to accept the war and its consequences with a stoicism quite equal to that of the invincible Cockney. Work is carried on as usual throughout the Islands, and such signs as 'Blitzed but not Beaten' were to be seen in shop windows the day following a big raid on Il-Belt, the city of Valetta, while the arduous task of cleaning up and salvaging goods from the wreckage continues even throughout the next 'alert'.

Transport difficulties have brought the 'Cabbie' once more into his own, and the driver of the uncomfortable but picturesque 'carrotzin' no longer wonders whether or not he will get a fare; it is the bus-starved pedestrian who looks longingly for even a chance seat in a vehicle which he once despised. Country carts in Malta are now doing almost all domestic transport. They are strongly built with two large wheels, the circumference of which is as great or greater than the width of the cart. At night these can be detached easily and wheeled into a house or small shed as space is so limited.

Malta is one of the most densely populated areas in the world. The Maltese peasant is very hard-working and thrifty and is probably unequalled in his capacity for being able to scrape an

Valetta, the capital, has several streets like this. The steps caused the curses of Lord Byron. The overhanging 'gallerias' were till recently the resort of marriageable maidens

existence out of a land which has more rock than soil over the greater part of its surface. The wheat crop of Malta is only sufficient to support the population for a few months in the year and potatoes are the only agricultural export. Before the war the bulk of this crop used to go to the Netherlands. Since the war, pig farming has become increasingly popular, and locally-cured hams and bacon have proved quite as tasty as the imported varieties. The Maltese farmer seldom comes home for his mid-day meal. He takes with him to the fields half of a large loaf of a coarse but wholesome country bread; in the centre of this he digs a hole with his knife and fills it with olive oil, then dips into it a tomato or perhaps an anchovy, and as the bread soaks up the oil he cuts out and eats slice after slice, and so on until he has had a satisfying lunch. At home he is fond of macaroni and minestra—a delicious vegetable soup.

To watch the harvesting in Malta is like re-living a scene from the Bible. The ox and the mule and the ass are roped together, and round and round they go threshing out the corn with their hooves just as they did in the days of the Kings of Israel. Until some ten or fifteen years ago tunny fishing was quite an important industry, but it required an appreciable amount of capital, and latterly the fish seem to have deserted the shores of Malta for those of the mainland. Since the bombing began many consumers of fish have been eating, not fish caught, as they believed, with net or line, but fish stunned by the blast of bombs that have fallen in the sea and so have come floating to the surface. The Maltese is a fearless fisherman, and when it is too rough to take the boats out he will climb down the steep cliff-side and fish with rod and line just above reach of the waves. There are few or no tides in the Mediterranean.

The Maltese are fond of their horses and they keep them well. Every summer the famous Imnaria races used to take place, not on the flat as one might expect, but up a steep hill towards the old capital. The jockeys, in most cases the owners or their sons, dressed in gay distinctive colours, would ride all kinds of mounts from cab horses to donkeys—and bareback too! The prize would be a gaily-coloured banner and the winners could be seen carrying them proudly home behind their country carts as they sang

their native songs on a summer's evening. Every summer, too, each village has its *Festa*, the Feast of its Patron Saint. Preparations for this go on for days before. The streets are gaily decorated, and the wooden frames are set up to hold the Catherine Wheels and devices for every imaginable kind of fireworks. Each village vies with the other to put up the best display, and to make the most noise.

Visitors to Malta can never forget the indigenous and ubiquitous goat or the goatherd who goes from door to door crying 'halib, halib'—milk, milk—to warn the housewife to have her mug ready for the goat which will be milked at her door. Recently, however, an enterprising Government Pasteurisation scheme has resulted in the herdsmen being banished from the capital city of Valetta and its environs, but the goat with his jingling bell and uncanny intelligence will surely never vanish altogether from the streets of the villages.

Maltese is a Semitic language, akin to Arabic and Hebrew, a fact which comes as a surprise to many people who think that Maltese resembles Italian! Actually, it is only recent legislation which has made it possible for a Maltese to be tried, even for a capital offence, in his own language and not in either English or Italian, which also, until recently, held the same official status as English and was taught on an equal footing with English throughout the schools. The war has done more than any other single event in the past fifty years to make the Maltese think and feel nationally. Before the war the main revenue of the Island was derived from Customs and Port Dues. These were supplemented by a State Lottery and various forms of indirect taxation aided by the now suspended tourist industry, while the majority of wage earners were employed by the Royal Naval Dockyard and other departments of the Navy, Army and Air Force. Malta has for many years provided a fine nucleus of fighting men at home and scattered throughout the various units of the British forces, and these have one and all acquitted themselves well in the present struggle. The Maltese has always had a good reputation as a first-class artilleryman.

In 1921 the first Maltese Parliament was opened by the Prince of Wales, since which date Maltese political history has been one of strife and turmoil in which the language question has been the core and kernel of conflicting interests. Maltese has yet to come entirely into its own; but this will not happen until all subjects are taught in the schools in Maltese, and until Italian ceases to be a compulsory subject throughout all grades. It is still an obligatory subject in the Secondary Schools. There is a Chair of Maltese and of Semitic languages in the University.

Malta was the seat of the Order of the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem until the security of the Islands was threatened by the French under Napoleon—indeed the French held it for a short time—and the Maltese invited the British to come and take over. For this reason it has recently been pleaded and established in a series of *Ultra Vires* cases, held before the Privy Council and Court of Appeal, that Malta is a British Colony held by 'cession' and not by 'conquest'; hence her people have an inalienable right to the representative government of an unconquered people.

Lavengro

Reviewed by

Lady ELEANOR SMITH

George Borrow remains unique as a writer. But another lover of the picaresque writes with sympathy and understanding of his troubled career

FEW great writers have ended their lives in circumstances of such loneliness, such bitter frustration, as he who will ever be known as the Romani Rai—the Gypsy Gentleman. Not only did he survive by ten years the wife who had devoted herself to him for thirty; he lived alone, in the wilds of Norfolk, a surly misanthrope, sensitively conscious that one of his works, and one only, had achieved success with critics and public alike. That work, of course, was *The Bible in Spain*. A greater book, a mighty book which has since made his name imperishable had failed, dismally. Nobody read or wanted to read *Lavengro*.

To explain the failure of what has since been recognised as one of the greatest picaresque books in the English language, it is necessary to dwell briefly upon the man himself, his extraordinary career, and the legend that he had made for himself before the publication of *Lavengro*.

George Borrow was an East Anglian, son of a professional soldier. As a child, sallow and precocious, he resembled nothing so much as a changeling. Always this child loved what was strange and sometimes *macabre*. His favourite crony was an odd old man whose profession it was to catch snakes. His pet was a tamed viper. One day, roaming in a green lane, he met his first gypsies. This encounter, as related in a beautiful, rather sinister, chapter of *Lavengro*, was to change the course of all his life—partly because, learning Romani from the gypsy lad, Jasper Petulengro, he realised for the first time his gift for acquiring languages. More important, perhaps, he felt for the first time the thrill of the dark blood that was always to charm him. Gypsy magic was at work in that green English lane of long ago.

Wherever he went, during the course of a long and roving life, the blue smoke of nomad fires was always to signify the presence of friends. He was as welcome a visitor to gypsies camping on the steppes of Russia as to their brethren roaming the plains of Andalusia, or to the Petulengros snaring rabbits on Mousehold Heath near Norwich.

Later he wrote: 'Throughout my life the Gypsy race has always had a peculiar interest for me. Indeed I can remember no period when the mere mention of the name of Gypsy did not awaken within me feelings hard to be described. I cannot account for this—I merely state a fact.'

It may well be imagined that as a youth Borrow showed little inclination to settle down in the office of a Norwich lawyer. Sent to school to learn Greek, he had immediately acquired Irish from an urchin named Murtagh, in exchange for a pack of cards. Equipped also with French, German, Italian and Danish, he soon started off for London and the great adventure of becoming a writer.

He was still a boy, and very remarkable-looking. A giant in height—he was six-foot-three and broad of shoulder—he was prematurely grey, with a mop of silvery hair. A green box contained his precious manuscripts—translations from the Danish, scraps of inferior ballads, pages of obscure folk-lore. With these he hoped to conquer literary London.

The story of his failure, as minutely described in *Lavengro*, is a moving and bitter narrative. He struggled miserably with a German philosophical translation; he slaved, on starvation wages, as a hack-writer. He obtained a wretched pittance for the laborious work of compiling *Newgate Lives and Trials*. It is not surprising that lack of proper food, combined with his own hysterical temperament, and, possibly, the morbid nature of the work on which he was engaged, soon produced a serious breakdown.

Luckily for him, and most mysteriously for his readers, he received some money for a *Tale* which has never been traced, and set off in true Borrovian fashion to wander the roads of England. The story of his adventures, as related in *Lavengro*, forms the most vivid and distinctive part of the whole long book.

After many weeks of vagabondage the Romani Rai returned to Norwich. Once again he struggled fruitlessly to obtain literary work. To so proud a nature, the sense of utter failure must have been intolerable, nor could his dependence upon his widowed mother have been anything but an added humiliation. Possibly for these reasons the next seven years of his life are purposely shrouded in mystery. He never mentioned this period, although from time to time he hinted obscurely at a life of 'roving adventure' spent in foreign lands.

It is, however, probable, according to his latest and most able biographer, Mr. Seton Dearden, that the mysterious years were spent quietly in Norwich, striving pitifully to wrest a living by the drudgery of literary hack-work.

Seven years later his circumstances changed in a most surprising manner. George Borrow, self-confessed tinker, blacksmith, gypsy, and scholar, suddenly bobbed up in—of all places—the offices of the British and Foreign Bible Society!

He was doubtless cynical enough at the beginning of his long connection with this association; anxious to become an agent solely for the opportunities it offered for foreign travel. In any case, he obtained the post, and left soon afterwards for St. Petersburg. From then on for seven years he was to return to England only occasionally and then for brief periods.

After Russia, he was sent to Spain. It is perhaps unnecessary to comment on the unparalleled impudence of his attempts to convert the devout Spanish, but from then on his hatred of the Catholic Church became an obsession which was to flare up thirty years later in *Lavengro*, the villain of which is the Jesuit priest known as 'The Man in Black'.

In Spain, Borrow was, of course, in his element. Here, for more than five years, he mixed with gypsies, bandits, smugglers, horse-copers, and bull-fighters. Long afterwards that great, glowing book *The Bible in Spain* revealed to a delighted public the adventures of surely the most eccentric missionary the world has ever known!

On his return from Spain in 1840, Borrow married Mrs. Clarke, a widow he had known for some time, and who had indeed been responsible for introducing him to the Bible Society. Now began the last long period of a life that had not hitherto lacked adventure and excitement. Mrs. Borrow was comfortably off, and the owner of a small estate in Norfolk. It was time for the Gypsy Gentleman to transform himself into a squire. Whether his wife was sympathetically inclined towards the vagrant, Romani side of his nature we shall never know, but it is significant that the only dull book he ever wrote, *Wild Wales*, was the account of a holiday spent in her company.

Borrow's first book, the *Zincali*, sold extremely poorly and created little interest. *The Bible in Spain* made him famous. But nine years were to elapse before *Lavengro* was published, and people had already begun to forget. Nor was Borrow himself particularly content during this long time of creative inactivity. He was restless and bitter and given to quarrelling with his neighbours.

And England, the England of his youth, was changing. Railways had ploughed up the green fields, and policemen chased the gypsy people away from their favourite lanes. He himself, the mysterious Gypsy Gentleman, 'Don Jorge', the breaker of wild horses, the knuckle-fighter of so many valiant battles, he, the legend, had been tamed by domesticity into just another middle-class husband.

These thoughts must surely have drifted through his mind as slowly, painfully, thirty years after the adventures he was describing, he sat down to write *Lavengro*.

What, one wonders, were Mrs. Borrow's thoughts as she read those first wild, strange chapters? For *Lavengro* flings open the door into a colourful yet sombre world entirely peculiar to the singular being who wrote this curious and dreamlike autobiography. Never a creative writer, he took the story of his own life, to embroider it so richly that no one knew in the

end which was truth and which fairy-tale. Perhaps he knew least of all himself.

Yet in writing *Lavengro* he experienced the rare delight of completing a supreme literary achievement. No other writer in the world could have produced the vital and sinister gypsies who wander through the pages of *Lavengro*. That haggard murderer, Thurtell, is for ever immortalised. The applewoman, the Welsh preacher, the old gentleman who could speak Chinese but who couldn't tell the time, the jockey who liked pink champagne, and a score of other wilder nomads still stride the roads of a younger, simpler, saner England, for they are alive and will always be, wherever *Lavengro* is read and Borrow's name remembered.

Lavengro contains two of the best descriptions of fights in the English language: one, his own battle with that most murderous of tinkers, the Flaming Tinman; the other, the desperate prize-fight at the beginning of the book. Unfortunately Regency days were over and done with; it was no longer considered quite respectable to praise 'the bruisers of England'.

If his love of gypsies, jockeys, and pugilists was considered eccentric, surely his choice of a heroine must have been regarded as equally unconventional. Yet his portrait of Belle Berners, the glorious-looking road-girl, the fair-haired Amazon of the famous dingle, must always linger in the mind as a lovely and moving creation.

The failure of this great book must have inflicted intense suffering upon a nature so proud and so bitter as was Borrow's. With one or two exceptions the critics assailed it fiercely. They were 'sick of the Petulengros and their jargon. . . .' 'The book must be pronounced a failure. . . .' 'Great is the disappointment. . . .'

The measure of his own disappointment can best be judged by the fact that his health was for some time afterwards severely affected. Always eccentric, it seemed to those about him that he became daily more quarrelsome, bigoted, and hysterical.

It is impossible not to sympathise. Nor is it easy to understand the critics' lack of appreciation. Early in *Lavengro* there occurs, perhaps, one of the most beautiful prose-passages in the English language, the famous 'wind on the heath' passage. That this, at least, should have escaped favourable attention seems well-nigh incredible.

It is some consolation to reflect that one critic, Dr. Hake, wrote—perhaps how truly he himself never lived to know—'*Lavengro's* roots will strike deep into the soil of English letters'.

ART FRONT

'NEW MOVEMENTS IN ART' AT THE LONDON MUSEUM

TWO KINDS OF PAINTING

Roughly there are two kinds of art at this exhibition. One kind is represented by the work of Ben Nicholson and Mondrian: pictures made out of simple geometric forms. The other kind is represented by Graham Sutherland, Paul Nash and Henry Moore, who draw their material from a larger and more varied world.

Nicholson is a man of fixed faith who pursues a narrow and undeviating path. He takes you to a place beyond change and conflict and points to a small, still, mathematical certainty. If you like this sort of logic and enjoy a clean, streamlined economy, you will get pleasure from these pictures. Nicholson should be given the opportunity of working out a series of large designs in a fitting architectual setting: the distinguished qualities of his 'reliefs' would then be seen to full advantage.

Graham Sutherland has a deeply emotional approach. His pictures are largely based upon a feeling for the more elemental parts of nature. You may find his paintings difficult to understand, but it might help you to think of them as resulting from the intense emotion this fine artist feels when he looks at rocks and hills and trees.

He aims at embodying many impressions in any single statement. Everything unessential to what I should call his *primary* emotion is refined away and we are left with a concentrated and vital essence.

AN ARTIST WHO LOVES MACHINERY

Edward Wadsworth loves machines: their smooth and perfect functioning are his inspiration. Each form in his compositions fits into place like the component parts of an aero-engine. 'Bronze Ballet' is painted with a mathematical precision which relates it more nearly to Nicholson than to the free and nervous handling of Sutherland's work.

Paul Nash's exciting water-colour 'Landscape from a Dream' stands somewhere between these two extremes of treatment: his flexible designs are stiffened by a noble sense of formal order.

Half the work in this exhibition is purely abstract: many powerful exponents of this mode of expression have modified their original theories: a process which has been carried yet further by the younger painters.

Moore—whose work is here poorly represented—Sutherland, Piper and others have been profoundly affected by the war; this show hardly gives the full measure of this change.

MICHAEL ROTHENSTEIN

The Literary Agent in Wartime

A well-known author herself, Miss Christine Campbell Thomson has much understanding for the wartime difficulties of literary marketing. She is also joint director of an important and well-established literary agency

SINCE even in peacetime comparatively few people appreciate the difficulties of the literary agents, they are still less likely to do so at a time when personal actions and reactions are so much to the fore.

Agents as a class get most of the kicks and precious few of the ha'pence. They are apt to be considered as either persons who amass vast profits without doing any real work, on the assumption that it is the middleman who always makes the money, or as conveniences for the selling of manuscripts tried in all likely and unlikely places by an independent author. A curious set of people, they have to combine the patience of a hospital nurse, the audacity of a Danton and the endurance of a beaver. In addition they keep—if they are wise—a rhinoceros hide handy. They are the Aunt Sallies of the book world—fair-ground targets for both authors and publishers. Middlemen they may be, holding the warring forces from one another on many occasions, firm when firmness is needed. And very seldom does an agent get really appreciative credit for the hard work put in on behalf of a client—especially when, as so often happens in these days, that hard work has been abortive.

War has brought its special problems to the agent. While the dropping off of practically all European Continental business has cut out a number of markets, the difficulties attending sales to those that are left have enormously increased. Sweden is one of the few neutral countries buying books with unfailing persistence. But there is no letter mail to Sweden: all communications sent there direct must go by foreign telegram. It was reported at the beginning of the War that our books went to Sweden via Shanghai, but this seems to be an excellent but unfounded tale. Roundabout routes are now in existence, but there is an element of adventure in posting every copy.

The American market, too, has undergone changes. Not only is the field to some extent narrowed, but the time involved in sending material and the uncertainty as to whether it will arrive at all is a source of anxiety to the agent and often of exasperation to the client. The filling-up of the forms alone can be an occupation in itself. An American cheque arrives (probably on the second or third attempt, the first two having been presumably lost at sea). Forms have to be filled in for cashing it through the Bank of England: weeks ensue before the Bank notifies the agents just how much has been credited against it and the agent and the author exhaustedly complete the deal between them.

Let no one think, either, that the transfer of money to clients in America is easy. Forms must be filled in in duplicate—white for the Bank of England and pink for one's own Bank. The Bank of England makes demands for contracts and proofs of citizenship of the authors: these having been copied and sent, probably a week later the whole lot comes back from one's own Bank, because since filling up the last application the Bank of England has thought up another question that has to be answered, but, of course, no one happened to mention it!

Deduction of Foreign Income Tax is always with us, but the war has increased the agents' book-keeping by the inability to send money to persons in occupied territories or to send more than a small specified amount to the United States. This means keeping suspense accounts for a good number of people, each of whom is credited with some trifling amount.

But more nerve-racking at the present time than even the question of foreign exchange is the ever-present problem of printing and binding. Naturally every agent must have a working knowledge of the publishing business on the production and costing side. Now more than ever, all technical appreciation is of value in assessing the rights and wrongs of a case. Authors, especially those living out of town or evacuated, are not usually aware of the difficulties attendant on publishing. To the agent, while looking after their interests, falls the task of explaining to authors the cause of unexpected delays, that to be several weeks behind schedule in publishing a book is not due to deliberate spite or negligence on the part of the publisher, but an accident of war because the binders have been called off on a Government job.

Authors have nerves, too, though artistic temperaments are not so common as they used to be. But many authors have been bombed out of their houses and are suffering from shock; many of them are living precariously on royalties which have dwindled to less than nothing: it is natural they should be irritable and querulous—and the agent is there to receive the plaints.

The author also lives from day to day wondering whether or not a certain publisher or editor shall be pressed for a decision on a certain manuscript. If he is badgered again, will he return it in annoyance and buy one sent through another agent, or has he genuinely forgotten it and will a reminder bring an offer? And when paper is to be considered as a munition of war, ought one to write yet again to such and such an author and explain, perhaps for the third time, that one is still waiting for a decision from the same quarter, and that there is still hope that sufficient paper may be forthcoming to include it on an already full list—or will the author realise the situation and be patient—or not realise it and accuse the agent of negligence? It is a question that can only be answered by the psychologist.

The question of costs affects the agent also. Printers, binders, publishers have increased their costs—though not in the royalties paid to the authors. The agent remains faithful to his ten per cent. Yet overheads have gone up enormously. Letter postage is 2½d. The cost of even duplicating paper has soared. The volume of work may have diminished in one way, but it has increased in another, since extra letters and telephone calls have to be made in the hope of expediting business.

Royalty returns on books that have been published for a number of years are often extremely small. But they appear with regularity: they have to be entered: the author's account has to be made out. Ten per cent on a few shillings does not cover the poundage on a postal order, postage on the envelope sending it, overhead costs of time, account slip and so on. Yet to open a suspense account for each client and keep the money till it had aggregated to a reasonable figure would involve considerable extra book-keeping and greatly annoy most authors.

Added to these smaller difficulties, there are so many real tragedies today owing to the shortage of paper and the cutting down of books. It is so hard to tell perhaps four or five people in one week that their books have been rejected through no fault of their own: that in normal times publishers would have accepted them. It is more simple to deal with new writers: they can be warned from the start just what their chances are: but the writer established in a small way, whether author or journalist, accustomed to make a small steady income by writing, is suffering just as much as those whose investments were thought to be gilt-edged but have dropped to the bottom.

Above all things in wartime the agent needs to be optimistic, cheerful and of an undying courage and patience. Always accustomed to acting as unofficial confessor, he finds demands on time and sympathy more urgent than ever. Office hours have often to go by the board: clients on active service come to town at week-ends and ring up on the private telephone: Sunday morning can no longer be counted as sacred to one's own affairs: apologetically, the client who, in normal times, would never dream of ringing up out of office hours, disturbs the evening saying: 'I hope you won't mind, but I've only twenty-four hours' leave' . . . and so it goes on.

There is a satisfaction in creating against difficulties: there is a satisfaction in keeping up the spirits of those who might otherwise spread gloom. The effort to find new markets is stimulating.

And not all clients are unappreciative. The very fact of carrying on, of having weathered the first bad months of the war and the subsequent blitz, seems to have forged new and stronger links with authors in the Dominions and in America which must be for the general good.

SHORTER NOTICES

Mountains—Three Books for Escapists

Many years ago Godley wrote that 'mountaineering is more than a sport: it is a way of looking at life'; for the last decade, Mr. Smythe has been preaching the same gospel to a public far larger than that of the Alpine Club. Smythe, more than most climbers (the exceptions are Irving and Winthrop Young), can claim credit for explaining what it all means to those in whom the germ has not yet developed. Though he is apt to stress the obvious in philosophy, and though his ability to make words do things sinks at times to the mediocre, he has the main justification of any writer: he has something to say.

THE MOUNTAIN VISION

By F. S. Smythe. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 18s.

The Mountain Vision deals with his personal experiences, with hills, the men who climb them and, lightly, with the technique involved. But the book is used, as so many of his former ones have been, to show that the value of mountain climbing is more mental than physical. Finishing his volume, one may not entirely agree with C. B. Montague when he wrote that 'it would be impossible for anyone to be completely mean on the tip of the Weisshorn'. One realises, however, that it would be very difficult.

OVER WELSH HILLS

By F. S. Smythe. *A. C. Black.* 12s. 6d.

Over Welsh Hills is a further collection of Smythe's photographs. The text, describing a three-days' winter journey, is irrelevant compared with these. For here is the 'insubstantial pageant' which the British climber gains for an instant, but which, one had thought, must be beyond the sensitivity of the camera. It is an amazing technical achievement, with all the subtleties of shade and atmosphere that one loves so well.

SNOWDONIA THROUGH THE LENS

By C. A. Poucher. *Chapman & Hall.* 18s.

Similar ground is covered by C. A. Poucher, another well-known climber and mountain photographer, in his *Snowdonia Through the Lens.* Here the stress lies on the form and dramatic impact of mountain shapes rather than on texture. It is a magnificent collection, though a different one from Mr. Smythe's. The connoisseur will covet them both.

M. H.

THE MEN FROM JAVA

By Jean Malaquais. *Minerva.* 7s. 6d.

This tale of an international mining colony somewhere on the French coast betrays considerable ability, though the shade of Céline is very much evident in the author's style and ideas. 'The men from Java', a nondescript colony of passport-less and countryless aliens, working in a tin and silver mine managed by a fantastic Britisher in whom Mr. Yeats-Brown would shudder to recognise a fellow Bengal Lancer. The plot is strangely inconclusive, the beginning and end mysteriously loose, but the characters are original and lusty. A provocative and striking work.

P. T.

BEYOND THE ISMS

By Olaf Stapledon. *Secker & Warburg.* 2s.

In his opening paragraph, Olaf Stapledon says that all over the world people who have seldom given a thought to public affairs are waking, and that there is a danger that they will not find their bearings. He therefore proposes to help these people by a discussion of what the fully human kind of living involves.

He reviews the creeds of Catholicism, Puritanism, Scientific Materialism, Liberalism, Socialism, Communism and Nazism, and argues that none of them has succeeded in resolving the conflicting interests of the individual and society. In search of an idea to end this conflict he analyses human living and reaches the conclusion that the 'new-old idea of the Spirit' alone can fulfil the need. In doing so he is forced to abandon philosophical argument and rely on intuitive feeling. The philosophy of living which he expounds is, in fact, the Christian philosophy shorn of the personal association of the accepted Christian doctrine. While, therefore, no really new synthesis of human behaviour is propounded, it is doubtful if the author's arguments will be comprehended by those whom he sets out to assist.

A. M. L.

CAIRO COMMUNIQUÉ

By Robert Mason. *Hurst & Blackett.* 7s. 6d.

These rather thin stories mix truth and fantasy not without skill, though there is a wish dream quality about them—especially in view of recent Libyan events. Still, the author knows his onions or, rather, Italians. The artist responsible for the cover should be gently put to death.

P. T.

SCUM OF THE EARTH

By Arthur Koestler. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

By his political novel *Darkness at Noon*, Mr. Arthur Koestler won for himself a place among the foremost political analysts of our time. *Scum of the Earth* is, perhaps, a slighter book. It is, in form, the narrative of Mr. Koestler's experiences in France from the outbreak of the war down to his escape from that country, several months after the conclusion of the Franco-German armistice.

The *Scum of the Earth* of whom Mr. Koestler writes are the men and women who, after fighting the battles of liberty throughout the length and breadth of Europe, sought refuge in France, only to find themselves treated as outcasts by the Government which, officially, was fighting German Fascism.

The account which Mr. Koestler gives of the French collapse is almost incidental to this central theme. But for me it is of tremendous interest, and I believe that the author's day-to-day chronicle of the ordinary Frenchman's reactions to the war, the defeat, and the *ersatz* 'revolution' conducted under the ægis of the senile Marshal Pétain—nicknamed by the French poilu 'Philippe le Gaga'—will give the reader a better insight into the mentality which engendered the French defeat than any other book which I have read. No one who wishes to understand the causes which brought France to defeat and disaster can afford to miss this book.

But it is not only as an analysis of the French collapse that *Scum of the Earth* is valuable. It is a book packed with political wisdom, and the narrative is so lively and witty that it is difficult to put the book down. P. M.

ECONOMIC PEACE AIMS

By Oswald Dutch. *Arnold.* 12s. 6d.

Here is one plan for Peace that could work.

The early chapters are an excellent analysis of Europe during the 'Long Weekend'.

The author examines the Peace Treaties made after 1918 and finds the cardinal blunder to have been the division of established economic units into small sovereign states; political entities with no prospect of economic independence.

The economic chaos arising from these mistakes breeds a state of mind which Mr. Dutch describes as a 'Fear of Living'.

To prevent a return of such conditions he plans for 'Security of Life' to be achieved by guaranteed work for all.

The political background is to be a Commonwealth of Europe acting as an economic unit in close collaboration with the U.S.A. and the British Empire, with these two Powers exercising financial control over the Commonwealth for a limited period.

Politically, however, Great Britain together with the U.S.S.R. is excluded from the European Commonwealth. This omission might well wreck the plan, for it is certain that Russia will have a very strong voice in post-war European affairs; nor is it likely that the Continental states will wish to be wards in Chancery to John Bull and Uncle Sam.

The economic and financial proposals are set forth in considerable detail and amount to a system of controlled capitalism.

Various international bodies are suggested, the chief being the 'ICPOW' (International Commission for the Procuration of Work).

The author, while professing to plan for the people—'this Economic Plan keeps in view the interests of the people, that is the workers and peasants'—nevertheless finds it more important to placate the capitalist: 'the interests of the Ruling Classes must not be violated, for as little motive as possible must be given for resistance or sabotage.'

He may believe that the ends justify the means.

The whole plan is well reasoned, and it should be read as a guide or a warning by all who are prepared to think about the post-war world order. A. M. L.

THIS ABOVE ALL

By Eric Knight. *Cassell.* 9s.

A huge novel this, and a strangely bitter one. It had a great success in America, where James Hilton and Louis Bromfield praised it highly. Eric Knight is a Yorkshireman who has a knack of presenting everyday situations in an unusual way. Dunkirk figures once more in a novel which must have been started soon after that legendary event. A young soldier returns from it disgusted with war, trying to desert, meeting a girl who is above him socially, and their love affair against the background of the London Blitz is painted with pastel colours and occasional touches of blunt and brutal realism. In the end Clive dies, but Prudence gains new faith to 'carry on'. The minor actors in this bitter-sweet tragedy are very well drawn, and there is a great deal of dramatic power both in the plot and the characters. P. T.

THE STARLIT DOME

By G. Wilson Knight. Oxford University Press. *Humphrey Milford.* 16s.

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats are the subjects of Professor Knight's essays, which deal with the 'poetry of Vision'. Here is no dry-as-dust æstheticist trying to read meanings into lines which should be limpid to the average reader, but a critic with an understanding heart and a great love of the masters opening up new vistas of enjoyment and giving new interpretations to poems well known and well loved. P. T.

MY BEST RICHES

By Horace Collins. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Collins has had a varied and adventurous life—both in his native land and in foreign parts. His association with the London theatre has lasted over many years, and the brother of Arthur Collins has a just claim to a fame of his own. His stories range from the London of the 'Nineties and Drury Lane to crooks and cranks in America, theatre publicity, musical comedy memories and the beginnings of wireless. A wise, mature and entertaining book. P. T.

THE CONVOYS PASS

By Stella Morton. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 8s. 3d.

An odd novel yet a striking and attractive one. A mixture of melodrama, romance and realism, it covers three generations of the Delaneys, who leave Ireland and yet long for ever to return. Mike and Shane are full-blooded and sympathetic characters, both frustrated by life and meeting too late to grasp and hold happiness. Dunkirk and peace-time soldiering, exploring the Applin caves and the squalor of the London East End have been fused to a pleasing entity, though the end is a little bit disappointing. P. T.

WHEN BRITAIN SAVED EUROPE

By Sir Charles Petrie, Bart., F.R.Hist.Soc. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12s. 6d.

'The tale and the moral' is the sub-title of Sir Charles Petrie's fascinating study of Britain's struggle in the years of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars. The parallels are obvious, yet the lesson which Sir Charles points out is one of practical statesmanship. He deals both with the background, the beginnings, the story and the end of the great struggle, and shows some remarkable new facts about the Vienna Congress and the manifold influences which all these events have exercised well into our own days. A scholarly book, yet just as thrilling as a fast-moving detective story. P. T.

THE STORY OF BLOSSOM, THE BRAVE BALLOON

Text by E. F. Herbert; pictures by Philip Zec. *Muller.* 2s. 6d.

One would never think that a barrage balloon might make an amusing central figure in a children's picture book; but Blossom does. The story is told well, without unnecessary whimsicality, and the drawings are simple and charming. P. T.

'Have you read any good book-reviews lately?' S. R. L.

SCIENCE FOR THE PROSECUTION

By Julius Grant. *Chapman & Hall.* 15s.

A very fascinating subject this, the relationship between science and crime—and the author has found a happy medium for treating his theme with scientific precision and at the same time making it enthralling reading. Optical and chemical methods are discussed in detail; there are chapters on blood group tests and on psychology and crime. A well-balanced volume which the numerous illustrations make even more valuable. P. T.

ENGLISH NIGHT LIFE

By Thomas Burke. Illustrated. *Batsford.* 10s. 6d.

Candles began it, the ingenious development of oil lamps brightened things up a lot, gas led to a quickened tempo, and electricity has established the paradox that—in the opinion of many—daylight is the only appropriate light in which to go to bed. This book of Burke's purports to chronicle night life from the Norman Curfew to the Blackout, but from it one gathers that until the eighteenth century night life was spent mainly at home, and in bed. Doubtless it was safer so, as much of the evidence of more recent centuries amply testifies, but a safe life does not necessarily imply a full one. A thoroughly entertaining book. P. M.-W

TOMORROW WILL COME

By E. M. Almedingen. *John Lane The Bodley Head.* 12s. 6d.

A highly personal story of the Russian Revolution by one who lived through it in St. Petersburg as a girl in her early twenties. It contains no political mumbo-jumbo, no descriptions of mob violence, and even the 'escape' from the miserable, starving Petrograd is not 'exciting' in the usual sense of that over-worked word. But there is horror in plenty, and hunger and suffering. Miss Almedingen lived through winters of famine; after working with the American Relief people she caught typhus; official madness (and in one grim episode the genuine insanity of a 'friend') sent living standards down to a brutish level. But the story is told without bitterness and without any trace of self-pity. Miss Almedingen obviously loves the city of her humiliation. Indeed, the most remarkable feature of the book is the completeness with which the experiences have been assimilated—a process only possible to the truly sensitive creative mind. The writing is uncommonly good. An altogether distinguished book, and the author must be warmly congratulated on having won *The Atlantic Monthly* Prize.

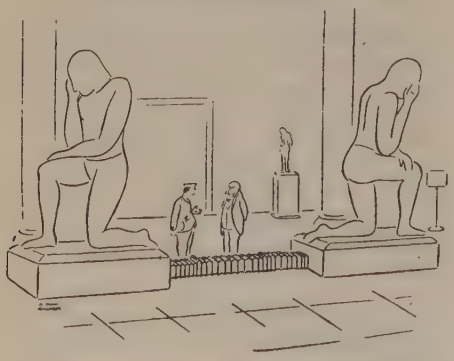
J. H. E.

ABOVE SUSPICION

By Helen MacInnes. *Harrap.* 8s.

Another anti-Nazi thriller, with the Gestapo providing plenty of excitement. Time of the story is summer of 1939. An innocent young Oxford don and his wife leave for the Continent on their long vacation, but find themselves with a hazardous Foreign Office assignment—the idea being that, in the blurb's phraseology, 'they *may* slip by where secret agents fear to tread. . . .' The book is well written, and, despite the somewhat threadbare character of the situations, manages to be engrossing and something apart from the usual secret service stuff.

J. H. E.



'I'm sorry, Professor, but I just couldn't resist it!'

SOMBREROS ARE BECOMING

By Nancy Johnstone. *Faber & Faber.* 8s. 6d.

Mrs. Johnstone and husband kept an hotel in Spain, got mixed up with the Civil War and took up relief work among children. They managed to get their party over the frontier into France, whereupon the French authorities took further responsibility from their shoulders, and off they went to the Riviera to relax. But general European war was in the air, and the Johnstones had no wish to be mixed up in that. So off they went to Mexico, Nancy to write this book (four thousand words a day when she really got down to it), and husband Archie to take in private pupils and do odd journalistic jobs. The adventures (such as they were) are told here with an engaging egotism; many people are put in their place with relish, and there is an account of how they made a home for themselves in a strange land—although sometimes there is a disconcerting Cotswold country cottage atmosphere about it all. There is very little information about Mexico. There are some cheeky little drawings by Nancy herself. The book is readable.

J. H. E.

GREY EMINENCE

By Aldous Huxley. *Chatto & Windus.* 15s.

Mr. Huxley has chosen Francois Leclerc du Tremblay, the Baron de Maffliers—better known as Father Joseph, the mystic and right-hand man of Cardinal Richelieu—as the subject of his first biography. This is indeed the first readable biography of that somewhat obscure personage; it is lucid and informative and will be welcomed by those who wish to fill the gaps in their historical knowledge. But it is not primarily to read about Father Joseph that admirers of Mr. Huxley will turn to this book. With *Eyeless in Gaza*, and later *Ends and Means*, the brilliant and biting satirist of the earlier novels became the prophet of a new, yet very ancient, faith in the non-attached man. This faith involved the re-education of Man, intellectually, spiritually, physically—an education to be carried out by adepts in certain psycho-physical techniques evolved from the practices of the oriental and Christian mystics. These new mystics were to be the peaceful and essentially non-violent means of cleansing modern, wantonly individualised man of his wickedness, the means of bringing his morals into line with the new cosmology—the principal teaching of which is that only by realising his true nature and becoming unspecialised, tender and peaceful can Man avoid

sharing the fate of the dinosaurs; for if he fails to advance morally he will perish beneath the weight of his own armour amidst the fury of mechanised war. It is, I fancy, principally to observe how Mr. Huxley's faith has withstood the impact of war that *Grey Eminence* will be read. It is unshaken. The most noticeable feature of Mr. Huxley's latest statement is perhaps that he has lost whatever faith he had in the efficacy of political action. Only the mystic, in touch with God, can by his example, by his good works, by the mere fact of his existence, put the essential leaven in the lump of humanity. 'Political reforms', writes Mr. Huxley, 'cannot be expected to produce much general betterment, unless large numbers of individuals undertake the transformation of their personality by the only known method that really works—that of the contemplatives.' And a little later: '. . . Politicians can do something to create a social environment favourable to contemplatives. Or perhaps it is better to put the matter negatively and say that they can refrain from doing certain things and making certain arrangements which are specially unfavourable.' It follows that Man's future in a world engaged in totalitarian war is grim, to put it mildly! Father Joseph was a mystic who thought he could do God's Will by the methods of the power politician; that France was the divine instrument of that Will; that good would come of prolonging the Thirty Years War seemingly indefinitely. This way led to futility and incalculable suffering. And Mr. Huxley concludes that: 'Father Joseph's hope of leading a whole national community along a political short-cut into the kingdom of heaven on earth is illusory, so long as the human instruments and material of political action remain untransformed. His place was with the antidote-makers, not with those who brew the poisons.' Mr. Huxley's arguments are unlikely to find much favour in a world at war; his, however, is one of the most constructive and original brains of our day. *Grey Eminence* stands out from the generality of books dealing with politics and religion like a good deed in a naughty world. It is beautifully produced and has eight well-chosen illustrations. J. H. E.

A CHOICE OF KIPLING'S VERSE

Made by T. S. Eliot. *Faber*. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Eliot seems to be a strange person to make a selection of Kipling's verse—but the juxtaposition of our great imperialist and our great pessimist poet has resulted in a happy combination. Mr. Eliot was out to 'find the permanent in Kipling's verse' and in this he has succeeded. They are all here—from 'Our Lady of the Snows' to 'The Law of the Jungle', from 'The Song of the Banjo' to 'Gunga Din'. With the war thunder rumbling close to Mandalay, and India's sons fighting for the cause of freedom, Kipling is a poet who has come once more into his own, and this finely produced volume may win him readers among the young who might otherwise have forgotten him. P. T.

BRITISH WOMEN AT WAR

By Mary Cox. John Murray. *Pilot Press*. 6s.

The text of this well-turned-out book is pedestrian and none too inspiring, but the photographs are well chosen and interesting, though few of them are new and original. P. T.

FREE FRANCE AND BRITAIN

A Franco-British Companion. Edited by W. G. Corp. *Dent*. 8s. 6d.

It was a happy idea to gather the friends of France and the outstanding representatives of her free forces to contribute to this intriguing symposium. André Labarthe writes about 'The True France', General de Gaulle has contributed some of his speeches, both in English and French. Mr. Duff Cooper speculates on the liberation of France, James Laver, W. Somerset Maugham, Ronald Crichton and Professor F. C. Green deal with French literature, art and music. The poets include Villon, Hugo, Ronsard and La Fontaine; food and drink are represented by the excellent essays of Messrs. Boulestin and André Simon. A well-conceived book which all true friends of France should enjoy. P. T.

HOUSMAN 1897–1936

By Grant Richards. Oxford University Press. *Humphrey Milford*. 21s.

Mr. Richards, as 'A. E. H.'s' publisher and lifelong friend, is well qualified to produce a new biography of the author of *A Shropshire Lad*. This is both a scholarly and human volume with many interesting illustrations. The everyday angle of the poet's life is stretched, and Housman's admirers will find much to delight them. There are interesting appendices by Prof. G. B. A. Fletcher, Percy Withers, Prof. F. W. Oliver, Edmund Wilson, Joan Thomson, Stanley Bayliss and Prof. O. L. Richmond, beside an Introduction by Mrs. E. W. Symons. P. T.

ENGLISH CUSTOM AND USAGE

By Christina Hole. *Batsford.* (Illustrated.) 10s. 6d.

In the happy, remote days of peace, when we tried, somewhat haphazardly, to attract to these shores tourists, particularly from America, there was no better material for propaganda (in the old innocuous sense of the term) than the Batsford Books, of which this is an admirable example. Every facet of national attractiveness has been in turn presented. Old customs have always been assumed to cast an irresistible spell upon the visitor, and this book is full of them. How many will outlast this war it is impossible to say; nor is it known how many were finally extinguished by the last. But tradition is so toughly fibred that one may assume that, in some form or other, these ancient folk survivals will continue to remind us it is as true that England was not born yesterday, as that it assuredly will not perish tomorrow, Hitler notwithstanding. P. M-W.

THE TWO KINGDOMS

By Toyohiko Kagawa. *Lutterworth.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Kagawa is that very rare phenomenon: a Japanese Christian who has found the teachings of Christ preferable to the state religion. But Mr. Kagawa is also a great social worker who laboured incessantly for the clearance of slums, for hygiene and education among the poorest of his country. It is doubly fitting that he should retell once more the immortal story of Jesus and infuse it with a poetic gentleness, an unforgettable originality which at the same time shows the depth and sincerity of his faith. P. T.

ORDEAL BY FIRE

By Michael Wassey. *Secker & Warburg.* (Illustrated.) 7s. 6d.

This book is best described by its own brief foreword—'Written literally under fire,' it says, 'with a background of the most intense air raids that have yet been made on Britain, amid fire and flame and calls to duty, compiled and related within the short space of only four weeks, this little book is offered without apology.' Why apologise, indeed? It is a document that must appeal to every firefighter—regular and auxiliary—and will help to explain to those who could do no more than look on why the effects were so disastrous—when 'if only I had had a bucket, or even a jug, I might have saved the whole block, etc.' The particular chapter indicated is entitled 'The Problem of Britain's Water Supply', and it is an eye-opener. P. M-W.

SPIRITUAL REVOLUTION IN THE EAST

By Walter Freytag, Ph.D. Translated by L. M. Stalker. *Lutterworth.* 9s. 6d.

The first volume of the new Missionary Research Series deals with missions in the Far East. It may seem a strange time to translate a book by the Director of the German Evangelical Missions Fund, who still lives in Germany and is editor of the *Evangelische Missions-Zeitschrift*, but we suppose that editors of the series believe in the complete super-nationality of religion. The work itself deals with 'the spiritually historic hour in the East', with New Guinea, the N.E.I., China, India, 'nations in the making and the question of religion', and 'immature Christianity in the meeting between East and West'. It is well translated and must possess a lasting interest for all engaged in missionary work. P. T.

LIFE'S LITTLE ODDITIES

By Robert Lynd. *Dent.* (Illustrated.) 7s. 6d.

'What would life be without this and that, is an old question,' Robert Lynd observes in one of these essays. They are all, indeed, about this and that, and a most enjoyable mixture it is. The present yields food for reflection; the past for genial reminiscence; and the book is forever 'dated' by the obbligato of the sirens and the ground bass of the German bombers. One is tired of exclaiming at the inexhaustibility of Lynd. He must have written more essays than any essayist living, or dead; yet it is improbable that he ever wrote a bad one. This little book is packed with wisdom, tolerance and humour, and to the presentation of that trinity of virtues Lynd's style is exactly appropriate. P. M-W.

MIND, SEX AND WAR

By K. O. Newman. *Pelagos Press.* 3s. 6d.

It is an unfortunate peculiarity of books about psychology that they run to extremes of abstruseness, complicated by new-fangled terminology, or over-simplification, accompanied by a variety of popular but unconvincing analogies. This book is inclined to fall into the latter category. P. M-W.

DANGER POINT

By Patricia Wentworth. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 8s. 6d.

Miss Wentworth is an old hand at writing detective stories with interesting characters and fascinating plots. Her latest book keeps up the reputation of Miss Maud Hephzibah Silver as an intrepid lady-detective and retains the most important quality of a tale of crime-sustained tension. P. T.

RETRIBUTION

By Gerald Abrahams. *W. H. Allen & Co. Ltd.* 6s.

This is yet another attempt to attribute the present troubles of the world to one particular cause; in this case, the failure sufficiently to punish Germany in 1918.

The author discusses many political concepts in an endeavour to prove the necessity of wreaking a terrible vengeance on the whole German nation. He ignores the fact that in the fight against Nazism, Germany was the first 'occupied country'.

Annihilate the present generation of Germans and de-industrialise Germany he suggests. The purpose of this fearful retribution is to destroy Germany's power to make war and to create an example sufficient to deter any other nation. Yet the author evidently has no faith in his own surgery, for he writes with confidence of the 'wars of the future'. A. M. L.

'I hate to say it, Margie, but your people read tripe'

RUNNING COMMENTARY

By Fougasse. *Methuen.* 6s.

The brilliant spirit behind the art work in *Punch* presents his admirers from time to time with a collection of his airy drawings. Here is a new batch of them, mainly about the changing face—and parts lower down—of Britain from July 1940 to May 1941. They are all witty and some of them inspired. P. T.

VIOLATION

By Owen Rutter. *Hale.* 8s.

An extremely well-conceived variation of the Lucrece theme set in pre-war Aldershot and parts adjacent. Though the figures might easily deteriorate into puppets, Mr. Rutter manages to infuse them with life. The trial itself, with pictures of judge, witnesses, jury, is most satisfactory, and Ian Colley's character lifts this book well above the usual triangle stories. P. T.

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10s. 6d.

Second large printing
THE BODLEY HEAD

BLITZKRIEG

By F. O. Miksche, with Introduction by Tom Wintringham. *Faber & Faber.* 12s. 6d.

From Montecucoli to Foucart, from Clausewitz to Schlieffen, strategists have tried to draw conclusions from campaigns they fought or witnessed, usually from the vantage point of H.Q. The average man is reluctant to follow the specialist's enthusiastic assurance that his books make fascinating reading. Yet this book of an up-to-date emulator, widely discussed these days, fulfils that assurance—perhaps because it destroys a sort of myth of German superiority on the battlefield, as a 'racial' and intellectual accomplishment withheld from other nations, perhaps because the author was, and still is, a junior officer whom open-eyed experience of modern 'Blitzkrieg' simply forced to put it down in writing.

It is a masterpiece neither in diction nor in details. But it is a revelation all the same; a revelation of the 'Why', and not simply the numerical and technical one, of the Nazi victories, and of the comparatively simple methods by which they could, and should, be defeated. Tables, graphs and maps of a somewhat specialised character should not deter the civilian reader; the story of German strategy, preparation and tactics, is told in very simple, comprehensive words. It amounts, roughly, to this: Hitler's strategists had not only the advantage of having been able to prepare their onslaught on other nations with a complete freedom of action as to means, money and men, but above all they had the advantage of having been deprived, by the Versailles Peace conditions, of all their old generals and Chiefs of Staff. Mostly youngish men, daring and ambitious, they were allowed to develop their own methods—methods elsewhere, under the conservatism of established authorities, considered as sheer revolution. France, and the states in the East equipped and trained by her as her allies, started out with their old ideas still firmly rooted in 1914–18, with a few minor improvements, just 'taking notice' of motorisation and air power.

If they knew something about 'Thrust and Pocket' tactics, the 'Tactical Thrust Point', the 'Islands of Resistance', the 'Tactics of Space and Gap', the battling on narrow fronts, the 'Combat Teams', new notions about defence in depth, guerrilla zones in web-defences and what not, they were mostly ignorant of the respective importance of all these new and yet so logical and obvious features of mechanised warfare. They improvised on the spur of the moment and often wrongly, what the Berlin General Staff had carefully elaborated. Gamelin was beaten at least as much by his conservative knowledge of French strategy and tactics, as by the superior power and speed of the attacker. He thought in 'lines' where the modern concept has to embrace zones, and in 'defence' where counter-attack would have been indicated. Miksche has learnt his lesson in exactly the same school as the Nazis; he served as an Artillery major in the Spanish Republican Army, after having started his career in the young and modern Czechoslovak Army. He is now with General de Gaulle—one of the few French officers who foresaw 1940 (another was Commandant Cailloux), and therefore was kept in the background by the Gamelin, Weygand *è tutti quanti.*

Blitzkrieg will be read by many who would not otherwise touch a scientific book on a subject so highly specialised. Indeed, it concerns us all: for the human lesson to be learned from it, for its extremely popular and simplified explanation, and for the somewhat astounding revelation that strategy, after all, is not much more than applied common-sense. E. S.-R.

SOPHIA

By St. John Ervine. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.

A strangely touching novel of ideas—the ideas being concerned mainly with the after-life. Sophia, daughter of one clergyman and wife of another, dies and finds new life in death. Her long conversations with her departed father and other spirits are more important than the somewhat nebulous plot. The writing is sensitive and distinguished. P. T.

SCHOOL IN PRIVATE

By Philip Toynbee. *Putnam.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Toynbee must have been a schoolmaster and must have hated his job with a virile and thorough-going loathing; this book is the visible result of the hate. He has achieved a startling insight into the semi-adolescent mind, and some of his figures—like the sinister Sparrow, the bewildered small Etherington and others—are pathetic and vivid. The masters are also well drawn, while the parents appear as pitiless caricatures. But the whole book seems to be rather pointless in these all-too-actual days. P. T.

THE TIMELESS LAND

By Eleanor Dark. *Collins.* 9s. 6d.

Mrs. Dark's is, perhaps, the most original and robust modern talent which Australian literature has produced. Her *Timeless Land* is aboriginal Australia, and the description of the 'happy savage' before the coming of the white men is sensitive and sympathetic. Governor Phillip and his struggle for establishing a self-supporting colony, the various natives, convicts, officers are presented vividly. Though the analysis of their feelings, desires and dreams is sometimes a little lengthy, this is a novel which deserves to become a minor classic. P. T.

ENVIOUS CASCA

By Georgette Heyer. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 8s. 3d.

A well-written, though somewhat pedestrian detective story. The method of the murder harks back to the assassination of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria-Hungary; the puzzle of the locked room to Gaston Leroux's classic *Yellow Room.* But the characters, though unpleasant, are life-like and the villain an almost new type. P. T.

NORWEGIAN SPRING 1940

By Stuart Engstrand. *Secker & Warburg.* 9s. 6d.

This novel tells the story of how Norway was treacherously betrayed by the young Germans and Austrians who were given homes in that country when, after the last war, their own peoples were starving. It also tells the story of one particular family, the mother of which is German born, with a son Ralph by a former marriage with a German. The reactions of this son to the Nazi ideologies is well and dramatically described. The strength of the book, however, lies in the actual fighting sequences, which, despite certain oddities of style, are powerfully and excitingly done.

J. H. E.

'Mine's Geoffrey Chaucer. What's yours?'

CAPT. NORMAN MACMILLAN, M.C., A.F.C.

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HARRAP

SAFEGUARD THEIR FUTURE

Our fighting men, in times of adversity after Service, may count on the help of the British Legion. A legacy to HAIG'S FUND, Cardigan House, Richmond, Surrey, will benefit ALL ranks of ALL Services, their families too.

WITHOUT MALICE

CHEERS

Stafford Cripps, who is putting some ginger into a stodgy Cabinet pudding;

The Scottish A.T.S. who, on the abolition of the kilt by the new Chief Controller, exclaimed: 'We've certainly taken some hard Knox!'

JEERS

Those London restaurants who will neither write their menus in the King's English nor instruct their wartime staffs in Pétain's French;

Italy, which is Germany's boot, and has lost its 'soul', and now is nothing but a 'heel';

The blonde who did not know whether G. B. stood for Gaumont British, Great Britain or George Black;

Racialists who describe the Japanese as 'little yellow men' when there are five times as many yellow men amongst our allies of China;

The B.B.C. for following the bad news about Singapore with another record, this time carrying the refrain, 'When they begin the Beguine. . . . Shall I surrender? Oh! what a night of tropical splendour . . .!'

INTELLIGENCE

Report on an airman's condition: He has taken a turn for the nurse.

Hairdressers are asking for exemption on the grounds that without electric dryers war workers will get a cold in the head.

An officer of Russian origin has just been interviewed at the War Office about his knowledge of the Russian language. The interviewer, self-styled a Russian scholar, emitted a series of Welsh, Gaelic and Spanish sounds. Each departed believing the other was an impostor.

Title of an article just submitted to *Picture Post*: 'Soldier puts Christianity in a nutshell'.

Recent question to a committee on physical reconstruction: 'How far should a road be from a field?'

Question asked by an A.T.S. (graded 'super intelligent'): 'Is it legal to vote for the Liberal Party?'

Your queries answered

Why is 13 an unlucky number?

Because, from the beginning of history to the present time, Homo Sapiens has spent 13 years at war for every one year at peace.

What did Doris (Duke) Cromwell reply when told of the bombing of her luxury villa at Oahu?

'Shangri-la! Great balls of fire!'

Signature Tunes

For Lord Beaverbrook: 'Little man, you've had a busy day!'

For British parachutists raiding France: 'We ought to do it more often.'

For Admiral Husband Kimmel and General Short: 'Just one more chance!'

What a Break!

Lady, on arrival of husband: 'Jump out of the window!'

Gentleman friend: 'What? from the thirteenth floor?'

Lady: 'This is no time to be superstitious!'

WHAT A WORLD!

Commander Hills, the *Star* Naval Expert, tells me that the W.R.N.S. will find bell-bottomed trousers much warmer than skirts; and they won't need to wear braces, for the tight waistband is as good as a belt. *Star Man's Diary.*

Oh! Those Belles' bottoms!

'When requested to preside at this function I replied "with alactricity"'.—Recent speech of a London Mayor.

An A.T.S. complains: 'We are not allowed to lock our doors at our R.A. stations and civilian men get into our huts.'—The *Daily Telegraph.*

What are they getting AT?

Singapore is very much like an English suburb.
—*Daily Express headline.*

'Police look for a teacher.'—*London Newspaper headline.* (Admiralty please follow suit!)

Overheard:

At Harrod's: 'My deah! I do hope Monsieur Stalin will be made a peer after the war.'

NIKE

Cross-Section

CABLED FROM THE AMERICAS

'UNITED STATES OF AMERICA War Rationing Book No. 1' has been prepared. The fact that no mention of sugar is made in the books is regarded as indication that it is to be used for a variety of commodities. Special measures taken against hoarding: a citizen will be given a ration book provided he can truthfully claim there is in his household no more than two pounds of sugar for each member of family. Commentator says: 'Up to ten years' imprisonment or a $10,000 fine awaits the liar.' Already hoarders re-selling supplies to storekeepers to qualify for ration books.

Entire automobile industry stopped making cars and produces machines of war. The last civilian car manufactured by Ford until war ends rolled off at Detroit bearing a placard 'This is the last V8. Watch out, Japs—here come little Jeeps. Next stop V for Victory.'

Rationing automobile tyres has been in force for some weeks, and a joint statement just issued by Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce, and Donald Nelson, chief of the War Production Board informs American people: no new tyres for civilians.

The country's automobiles are going off the roads at the rate of 25,000 a day.

Mr. Leon Henderson headed 'back to the bicycle' parade in Washington; while Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, with Mayor Roy Lecraw of Atlanta, pedalled down the main street of the city on 'bicycle made for two'.

The Mayor has now decided to abandon what he himself called his 'double life,' and concentrate on mayoral activities, leaving civilian defence to others. 'Little Flower' as he is called, has dynamic energy. Has smashed slot machines, tested police efficiency by turning in a Riot Call from front of the Stock Exchange, led Vice Squad into notorious houses, and followed fire-engines all over city, never missing a fire. Stood on the quayside when *Normandie* turned on her side.

For years has breezed about town in specially built Chrysler limousine, famous for radio telephone, built-in desk and hidden revolver. He now uses small Ford.

His greatest pride is Laguardia Airport, and greatest hate Hitler. His suggestion nearly three years ago that Hitler should be included in the World's Fair 'Chamber of Horrors' drew a protest from Germany.

Already some stores are charging ten cents delivery fee to encourage shoppers to take parcels. There is talk that other stores should do as one group of New York's food shops, which favours shopping by 'Baby Buggy', or 'Help yourself' method.

Here customer possesses herself of a two-trayed metal-perambulator. Pushing this she gathers her goods from counters as she goes, ultimately presents herself at a turnstile, where wares are checked.

To save paper Superintendent Harold C. Campbell advocates use of blackboard for schools, says written exercises and tests must be reduced. Children call him 'grand guy'. Largest collection of broken-down autos in United States is being planned by the War Production Board—a collection that will yield some 3,750,000 tons of scrap metal.

Even the nickel—the five-cent piece—shall contain no nickel; the saving of 435 *tons* of valuable metal is estimated. New York might almost be called city of nickel. Statistics have shown that should coin to disappear subway transport system would stop within two days, telephone service would be badly disrupted, and all automatic machines, 'juke boxes', and pin-ball machines useless.

'All lights out' in emergency is more in favour in New York than English permanent black-out system. The middle floors of steel-structured skyscrapers considered safest.

New York's movie houses do thriving business. Smaller newsreel houses, where war pictures are shown, more popular. Donald Duck is demanding that everyone shall pay income tax without delay. 'Taxes to beat Axis' is his refrain.

DORIS SHERIDAN,
New York
By Special Cable to World Review

FAILURE to appreciate divergencies of different countries and advent of a new civilisation has produced our misunderstandings past and present. Many Britishers sent here have been too lacking in necessary mental elasticity.

Present war has passed Argentina by, but its problems are present in their minds—especially post-war. Bulk of people are wedded to democratic ideas.

Last war responsible for powerful urge towards national intellectual self-determination. Present war has accentuated it. Argentinians feel they are finding themselves.

Chile is land of the 'Popular Front'. I arrived in Santiago in middle of Presidential election conducted with good humour and orderliness. Democracy returned to power with Radical Juan Antonio Rios. In lovely Chilean Lake District I met Rios holidaying, enjoying himself at steering-wheel of a lake steamer. I had talk with Rios. Rios, though not speaking English, showed interest in English radicalism. One of key figures on the Latin-American stage. Tall, distinguished, with shyness of intellectual, but power in reserve. Handsome election victory probably partly due to last-minute support of veteran 'politico' Alessandri, a former President and 'the Chilean Lloyd George', who 'broke silence of years in defence of democracy'. I saw Alessandri sway the crowds in public square on eve of election—a picturesque, hunched-up figure waving a stick from the rostrum, with snow-capped Andes as back-cloth. Fact that Communists backed Rios was made extravagant play of by his opponents.

Russia is still 'bogey under the bed' among many here, not excluding some Britishers and Americans who fail to grasp march of events. In Santiago I met W. F. Turgeon, Canada's first Minister to Argentina and Chile, who is doing a grand job by lucid exposition to puzzled foreigners who ask why Dominions want separate diplomatic representatives.

I have come now to Brazil. No racial or religious prejudices here. Brazil more akin politically to United States than any other state. Brazil's importance for the democracies in helping to make up the supply of raw materials needs no emphasis.

TOM CLARKE from Rio de Janeiro

Special Cable to World Review

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

Nonchalance

THE function of clothes as an index of conspicuous costliness has never been demonstrated more neatly than on that historic occasion when Paulette Goddard appeared in a wrap-round white sarong, a good deal of the undeniably lovely Goddard midriff exposed and $10 bills stuck nonchalantlyaround the waistline.

Look

The American Miss

MISS PEARL BUCK'S thesis is that the fundamental weakness in American democracy begins in the home and is caused by American women when they emphasize chivalry and privileges for their daughters. 'Effeminacy', contends Miss Buck, 'is not a feminine possession any more than a masculine one. The true female creature, unspoiled, is persistent and strong.'

Christian Science Monitor

"The forces of good will triumph in the end, sir. Why not take it easy?"

THE NEW YORKER

4

To Sleep and to Wake

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!

PATENT No. 2,235,966 reminds one of the blithe thirteenth-century song. The Patent Office awarded this to an Ohio inventor to cover a design for restful sleep when 'sumer' has fully arrived. A way has been found, so No. 2,235,966's inventor says, for 'millions of tiny jets of cooled, filtered air, penetrating through the sleeper's night clothes,' to 'cool the sleeper,' who will, so to speak, 'be bathed in a draughtless bath of air.' It makes no difference whether he wears pyjamas or is one of those who are reverting to an earlier costume by adopting what one sees advertised as a 'sleep coat'.

Many of us are still too near Winter to appreciate the enjoyment of sleeping in a bath of draughtless air. But the bedgoer will feel differently about it when 'sumer' is in. One thing follows another, and Patent No. 2,235,966 could not have been asked for unless preliminary steps had been taken by other inventors. The new sleeping arrangement provides a bag of porous material large enough to serve as mattress and blanket. The bedgoer sandwiches himself between the halves. The foot of the bag is connected to an air filter and electrically operated blower.

It seems perfection for a 'sumer' night. One gets between the halves of the bag; the blower blows; the blown air sifts through the filter, into the bag and out through its porosities. Millions of tiny air jets surround the occupant of the bed, penetrate pyjamas or sleep coat, reduce the temperature next to him by several degrees, and insure air-conditioned sleep. And should 'cuccu' fail to sing 'lhude' enough to wake him, there is still Patent No. 2,222,243 awarded to the inventor of a watch that wakes the wearer by tapping him on the wrist!

Christian Science Monitor

Why woo with Flowers, Candy?

SEND her a sonnet, aubade, rondel, or lyric. First rate original poetry supplied promptly—any occasion or purpose. Rates reasonable. Confidential service. Apply Box 614-E.

Advertisement in the
Saturday Review of Literature

'We's the Red Army, suh, an' we's lost'
THE NEW YORKER

The Power of Persistence

PUT a man in the grease pit of a locomotive roundhouse and give him Persistence and he'll come out Walter P. Chrysler. Make him a second fiddle in an obscure South American orchestra and give him Persistence and you'll have Toscanini. Make him a country school teacher in Ohio and give him Persistence and you'll have Charles F. Kettering. Give him a job in a bicycle shop and season with Persistence and you'll have William Knudsen. Give him a job sweeping out a country depot in Nebraska, add Persistence and you'll have Henry W. Jeffers, president of the Union Pacific.

HOMER CRAY in *This Week*

Hollywood's Pay Envelopes Last Year

THESE EARNED $75,000 OR MORE
80 actors, actresses; 45 directors; 54 executives; 4 musical directors; 17 writers.

THESE EARNED $150,000 OR MORE
31 actors, actresses; 16 directors; 22 executives; 2 writers.

THESE EARNED $250,000 OR MORE
14 actors; 5 executives; 1 director.

THESE EARNED $400,000 OR MORE
3 actors; 1 executive.

HE EARNED $500,000 OR MORE
1 executive-producer.

Look

The Weaker Sex

In 1910 there were 106 men to every 100 women in the United States. In 1930 the proportion was 102.5 to 100. Now it is 101 to 100.

Of the 7,851 women whose names appear in *American Women*, 3,339 are married. One of them had 12 children, 90 had five each, and 940 had one each. Altogether the 7,851 women had 5,024 children. Seventy-eight per cent had college degrees, 15 per cent Phi Beta Kappa keys. Of the 20,700,000 children studying in America's elementary schools, 49 per cent are girls.

Of the 6,650,000 students in public high schools somewhat more than 50 per cent are girls.

In the colleges, universities, and professional schools there are about two women students to three men.

In other words, from kindergarten through college, girls have almost the same educational opportunities as boys.

The vital role women play in the public life of the United States reaches its climax in the field of education. That has become predominantly a woman's domain.

In the high schools three teachers out of five are women: in the elementary schools seven out of eight.

In colleges, universities and professional schools there are about three men instructors and professors to one woman; in teachers' colleges about two men professors to three women.

Roughly speaking, about 80 per cent of all our teachers are women.

It is estimated that women do 80 per cent of all buying in America.

Of the stockholders in the nine largest corporations, 43 per cent are women; they own 22 per cent of the stock. Eighty per cent of all life insurance beneficiaries are women and 80 per cent of insurance benefits go to women. Of the personal beneficiaries of trusts, 65 per cent are women.

About 90 per cent of all American women have radio sets, and a third of the homes have extra sets.

Each of these families listens to the radio about four hours and a half daily, on the average.

About 85 per cent of a day's radio program is given to entertainment, inspiration, and information about personal or household matters. A large part of this is directed to women listeners.

One of the most striking features of America's economic development is the increasing number of women income earners. During the last half century America has created many new kinds of jobs, and many of them have been for women.

In 1870 not much more than one woman in ten was working; by 1940 not far from one in four. The number of employed women has increased more than twice as rapidly as the population.

Now about 11,000,000 women are working for pay and most of them are not doing it as servants or maids of hired girls.

An investigation made by the United States Department of Labour showed that the median wage for women clerical workers is $24.60 weekly. The New York Department of Labour placed it at $21.31; in Ohio it was found to be $18.80.

Christian Science Monitor

CANADIAN OUTLOOK

ASK CICERO! The *Messagero di Roma* announces pompously that Latin will be the official 'lingua franca' of Politics and Science in New Order Europe.

The Fascist newspaper admits, however, more modestly that there is a certain snag. The correct pronunciation has yet to be agreed upon.

HELLO! ICI LE DUC DE WINDSOR! The first Paris telephone directory since the war still lists the number of the Duke of Windsor among its subscribers. A good omen.

PHILANTHROPY IN THE NUDE Charles Magny, the Prefect of the Seine department, allows a special coal ration for artists' ateliers, so that the artists' models posing in the nude should not catch cold. ubilation all over Montparnasse!

HA TORRO! The usual Thursday and Tuesday corridas in Madrid have been cancelled, owing to the lack of sufficiently strong, and ferocious bulls. Poor Spain! No more Torreros left. Only Phalangists!

Le Jour, Montreal

What Price Glory?

IN CROATIA THE terms offered by the Germans to Croatian volunteers willing to fight on the Eastern Front are extremely advantageous.

They are promised wages up to three thousand Kuna (£12) if they join as corporals. This sum is being paid to the family of the volunteers, while the privates and officers receive special wages while fighting in the front line.

Die Weltwoche Zurich

•

IN FRANCE A MAN who joins the anti-Bolshevik Legion receives, over and above his German uniform and ration, 3,000 francs a month; a lieutenant gets 7,500 francs, and a captain, 12,500 francs a month. Nice little sums, especially when it is remembered that the wages of a French worker, with the present high cost of living, amount, as a rule, to no more than 200 francs a week.

Moscow News

CENTRAL EUROPEAN OBSERVER

Out in all weathers . . . tanned, healthy and enjoying life, instead of long, tiring, airless hours in a restaurant . . . *She's* one of the people who may no longer need

'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

Nerve-Tonic Food

The Attitude of the Vatican

THE Pope, in private Episcopal audience, has indicated, according to *General News*, that whereas Nazism is almost entirely evil in its inspiration, Communism has certain elements of natural good. Bolshevism is, in some sense, a corruption of the virtues of brotherly love and self-sacrifice, whereas Nazism is a direct and untrammelled manifestation of hatred and greed. *Trek:* Cape Town

THE Pope's Christmas speech is not foreign to the National Socialist ear. It is connected with the 'new idea'. When it refers to the past (in which National Socialism was born) the speech condemns the results of the previous war: for example, Versailles, which increased economic egoism. Thus the Pope defines the responsibility of those who forced Versailles upon the world. It was not Germany who was guilty of the crimes condemned by the Pope; it was not Germany who opposed disarmament. There are still Catholics who cling to 'the good old materialist times' and still despise the 'new order' which must come. But the Pope clearly told them that it is inevitable that changes should be made. *Volk En Staat:* Brussels

Victory, Victory everywhere, but not a sign of peace KANSAS CITY STAR

U.S.S.R.

Country Agitators

THE war mission of the Party Organisations and Bolshevik Agitators is to satisfy the growing curiosity of the peasants for 'Front News', both in the Soviet, and abroad.

The All-Union Communist Party demands of each communist that he should strengthen the link with the masses; that he should explain to any non-party citizen the meaning of politics and the decisions of the Party.

Bolshevik truth must be heard in every district.

In certain districts there are still comparatively few village-party organisations, but their strength lies in the fact that non-party groups, faithful to the teaching of Lenin and Stalin, have been formed around them.

Throughout the country our party have educated thousands of agitators, teachers, agriculturists.

The Komsomol members represent great strength and are a great aid to Party Organisation. The villagers rely on the town communists, and in return the towns must send their best propagandists to the villages. Living in towns they have far greater experience. *Pravda*

Total War on Home Front

IN the Baschkirian Soviet Republic, school boys have collected fifty tons of wild roses, five tons of balderian and medical tree bark.

In the State Farm Bolshe-Baldovsk Komsomol members have started a large scale drying of potatoes for the Red Army. *Pravda*

Franciska

SINCE it is the task of the French Government to unite all French parties striving towards the common goal of a new France, the Government has also to provide an emblem expressing this unity. The creation of the new symbol has just been announced in the Official Gazette. It consists of a coat of arms showing the Franconian double axe, known as the Franciska, against a white background. It was first observed on the car of Marshal Pétain and may now become the emblem of the Etat Français. *Frankfurter Zeitung*

Lady Behave!

A LARGE number of the 'popular' ladies who attend dances at the African Club have developed a very ugly and mercenary habit. If a gentleman wishes to be social to five or six of these ladies each of them will demand a tin of chocolates, a tin of toffee or at least a packet of biscuits to herself. One tin of chocolates opened and handed round among all of them will not be appreciated, nor will the lady who is given a tin of chocolates or toffee, etc., hand it round in a decent social manner. She will hoard it, add to her hoard a proportion of whatever number of bottles of beer may be given to her. As often as not she brings a small child to carry away these spoils after the dance. If she can get away with a tin of toffee, three or four packets of biscuits and three or four bottles of beer, she feels the evening has been a successful one. If she has to go away empty handed, she will feel ashamed before her friends who will feel justified in coming to the conclusion that she is not really a 'popular lady' after all.

Nigerian Eastern Mail

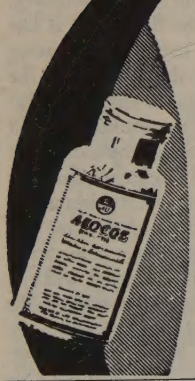
Paint Your Bulls

BULLS roaming Calcutta's streets have a considerable influence on the feelings of citizens. Both pedestrians and motorists look on them with disfavour. Nor is the emotion confined to Calcutta. Their freedom may have a religious aspect; it is nevertheless felt as a general nuisance in busy streets. In Calcutta the partial blackout has quickened the determination to do something about them. Suggestions that they should be painted with luminous paint, or rounded up by a police constable every evening, have not got further than editors' desks, but it is no secret that those responsible for the blackout arrangements have done a lot of thinking about the problem. Now the whole thought of the citizen body and of the authorities is brought to bear on it through a large and widely representative committee that has begun work under the Minister for Local Self-Government as president. This is now engaged in collecting through a sub-committee the necessary information on which to base action.

The Statesman, Calcutta

Acid Control

An Important Development in the treatment of Indigestion



'ALOCOL' is widely prescribed by the medical profession. It is generally recognised that by the introduction of the principle of *Acid Control*, 'Alocol' marks a definite advance in the treatment of indigestion. The effect of 'Alocol' is to absorb only the *excess* acid in the stomach and to leave the *correct* amount of acid required to perform the natural process of digestion.

Thus 'Alocol' gives relief in approved scientific manner by removing the cause of digestive discomfort. At the same time it soothes the stomach and leaves its digestive powers unimpaired.

By this principle of *Acid Control*, 'Alocol' not only corrects digestive trouble but also 're-educates' the stomach to perform its digestive functions naturally. If you are subject to indigestion, begin a course of 'Alocol' to-day.

Tablets: 2/10 and 5/1 *Including Purchase Tax*

ALOCOL

SAFE-SPEEDY-SURE

Powder: 3/1 and 6/2½ *Including Purchase Tax*

A.C.3

LIFE

Boris Artzybasheff draws armaments like human beings. His Radio Propaganda is a monster combining Nazi and Communist salutes

'Theirs not to reason why'

'THE official mind has always been a stimulant to public perplexity, and the latest Post Office order in the matter of women postal servants' trousers goes as far in this direction as ever before. Trousers, it seems, if of suitable colour and cut, may be worn by all such women except those who serve behind public counters.'

Now everyone knows that the girls who serve behind Post Office counters are normally invisible from a little above the waist downwards, unless they happen to climb up on the counter the better to rebuke an impatient member of the public (which hardly ever happens). So naturally one would have thought that what they wore in continuation of their impeccable jumpers, being invisible, would not matter. They are in the same position exactly as players in a theatre orchestra, who, it is often said, do not bother to add dress trousers to their evening tailcoats because they would be invisible to the public. They amuse themselves (the legend runs) by wearing plaid trousers, shorts, or plus-fours, according to individual notions of sartorial comfort. Why, therefore, should the Post Office pundits pick on counter clerks for the one exception to the rule permitting trousers?

Red Tape

Why is a Trout Suspicious?

THE creation of suspicion in the trout's mind is a different matter. Naturally if the suspicion is pronounced the trout will either decline the fly altogether or even vanish: but there is a world of difference between frightening a fish and just making him slightly suspicious.

I believe that one of the commonest causes of suspicion on the part of the trout that all is not well is slight and invisible drag. I do not mean that obvious drag when one's fly sweeps across the river making a bow wave like a destroyer, but rather a movement of the fly which is not *quite* the same as that of a natural fly floating down alongside. Sometimes the weight of the line makes the artificial fly travel just a wee bit faster than the natural: and sometimes a slight upstream wind checks the speed of the natural fly but not that of the artificial. In either case the trout may start to take the artificial fly, but at the very last moment think better of it after all, wondering why the blinking fly was behaving a bit queer-like. In other words, the trout will rise short, but the root cause was the creation in its mind of suspicion that everything was not quite what it seemed.

Game and Gun

Smokes Gone with the Wind

ANY wife who has watched her husband in the throes of giving up smoking can imagine what it must be like when a whole nation's tobacco ration is curtailed.

France is the latest of the conquered countries to undergo this deprivation: henceforth, instead of popping into the nearest *debit de tabac* for a packet of 'blues' or an ounce of 'gris', the French addict must register with his tobacconist to receive, on certain days in the week, and subject to availability of supplies, a measured quantity which somehow must be made to last until next time.

The same sort of thing has happened wherever the shadow of war has fallen.

In England, it is now a breach of etiquette to accept a proffered cigarette. The Dutch no longer get their fat Javanese cigars. Germans stuff their porcelain pipes with toasted hay and other substitutes. Italians, despite their arduous conquest of Greece, are compelled to do without their Macedonian cigarettes. The black and powerful tobacco that used to delight the Spaniard is now but a memory.

At any time, this enforced abstention from the solace of tobacco would be a trial, but in times such as these, when there are so many other hardships to bear, it is calamitous to lose the one thing that might make the suffering bearable.

'When all things were made, none was made better than this,' said Kingsley; 'to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep and a chilly man's fire.'

Tobacco is essential to the winning of wars, but also to the keeping of peace, as our red men, the weed's discoverers, so well knew. It is undoubtedly because that Austrian fellow doesn't smoke that he feels that way.

New York Sun

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ARE *YOU* A 'COLD SUBJECT'?

Why give in to colds? There is no reason to believe that there is such a thing as being 'subject'.

You can easily go through the Spring without 'going down' if at the first signs of a 'sniffle' you pop a pleasant POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLE into your mouth. It instantly nips the cold in the bud, dissipates the catarrh, fills the lungs with healing antiseptic vapours—and next morning you are relieved.

Thousands go free every Spring by keeping a tin of these powerful yet pleasant-tasting quick-acting pastilles handy. Get a tin yourself *today* and say goodbye to the cold fiend. Handy tins 1/1½ (inc. pur. tax) for hand-bag or pocket at any chemists, or 1/3 post free from sole makers:

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Coal Tar Soap

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YOU may share in *this* work!

Everyone cannot man the guns, direct the searchlights into the night sky, manipulate radio location instruments or fly the barrage balloons.

Such work can only be done by trained men and women. In many cases their stations are miles from human habitation. Loneliness and monotony are their deadly enemies—there are no cinemas round the corner.

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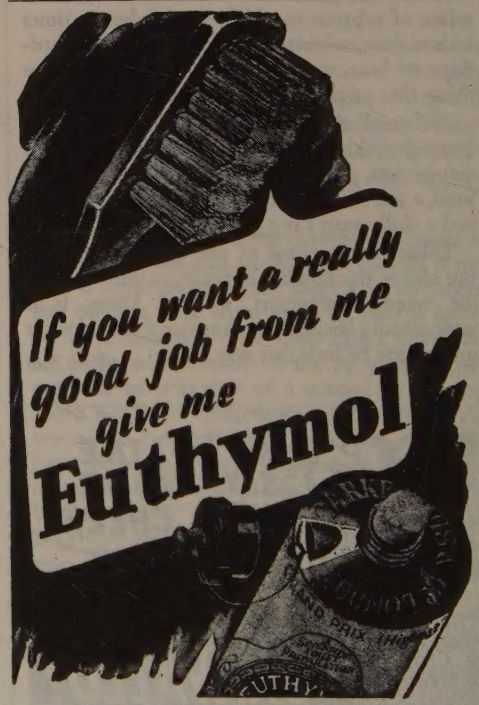

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